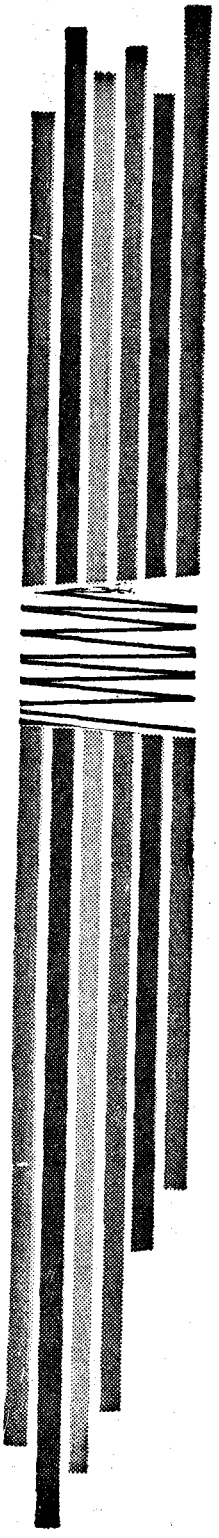
Iron Curtain Fiction: Ernst Pawel

THE NATION

November 9, 1963 . . 35c



WHAT KILLED 'THE MIRROR'

Donald Paneth

A Canadian View
GREAT LAKES LABOR WAR

Harry Bruce

The Cosmetics of War

Donovan Bess

ISRAEL AND ZIONISM

Aaron Segal

The Library
University

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LETTERS

Goldwater's chances

New York City

Dear Sirs: The current willingness to accept a Goldwater candidacy on the grounds stated in your editorial (Oct. 19) and echoed in James Reston's column may be unfortunate at best or disastrous at worst.

If Goldwater gets the nomination he stands an excellent chance of winning. He will have powerful financial support; he will have most of the press, mass media and propaganda organizations behind him; he will unify the party under the most reactionary slogans (Eisenhower and Nixon and Rockefeller will support him); the "moderate" Republican will vote for him; he will sweep the South; and he will gain more white support in the North from those who fear increased Negro employment (the trade unions) and those who fear integrated education. Mr. Goldwater's political capital will be fear and the easy solution to problems that our present Administration will not, or cannot, solve.

Mr. Goldwater, as a candidate, would be a far more potent threat to our democratic society than Senator McCarthy was in the last decade.

A. Mandel

Carnage and cars

Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Ralph Nader in "Fashion or Safety" (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) says "Americans are never permitted to forget that one in every six workers in the country owes his job directly to Detroit." I suppose, appalling as it is, we oral surgeons (and our brethren, plastic surgeons and general surgeons) also owe at least part of our jobs to Detroit. We try to reset the broken bones and reconstruct the crushed flesh after the auto accident that throws people against unsafe dashboards and other objects in the unsafe car. However, I think I can safely speak for all of us when I say this tragic work, this unnecessary carnage, is a part of our practice we would well like to do without!

Joel M. Berns, D.M.D.

Color and class

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Bruno Bettelheim's effort in his article "Class, Color and Prejudice (*The Nation*, Oct. 19) "to bring clarity into our complex white-Negro relations" was an exercise in obfuscation.

To support his thesis that the Negro problem arises simply from "the plain fact that the rich live in comfort, and the poor do not" he offers this astonishing insight: "How much all this is a class problem is reflected in the fact that there is no seduction of middle-class Negro girls by middle-class white boys, but quite an incidence of seduction of middle-class white girls by middle-class or even lower-class Negro boys." Such intuitive discoveries by Professor Bettelheim (he refers to no research turning up such "facts") are all the more remarkable in the light of his pains . . . to report as somehow significant his own lack of such contacts with Negroes.

If the status of Negroes is *merely* an aspect of class relations, nothing can or need be done now but await the outcome of the "universal warfare between rich and poor." And everything learned about effecting social change since Sir Thomas More may be laid aside as irrelevant.

Lawrence D. Shubow

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Bruno Bettelheim's article . . . presents a thesis which in point of time and place is most disturbing. Revelation of the fact that beneath the color prejudice lies a class issue hardly helps to give current direction to the solution of the present problem involving the tragic lives of 20 million Negro Americans. The attitude of accommodation inherent in his discussion does a disservice to the Negro's nonviolent struggle for "Freedom Now" by minimizing and diluting the grave state of race relations, best illustrated by Birmingham, Ala.

Disturbing, too, is Dr. Bettelheim's reference to James Baldwin. I do not presume to speak for James Baldwin, but if I were James Baldwin I would not be "delighted" to meet any white person who holds the belief that the Negro though "born with a fence around him *feels* the fence even more impregnable than it actually is."

Hilda D. Armin

Legal gambling

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial (Sept. 21) on legalized gambling, I want to say that it seems to be thoroughly inconsistent with your other policies. The Puritanical and busybody mentality that is against gambling is of the same sort that was behind Prohibition.

This type of thinking results in financing organized crime to the tune of millions annually, in widespread disrespect for the law and in political corruption that reaches all the way up to the federal level.

The profit from illegal gambling finances every organized racket in the United States, including narcotics and prostitution. Legalized gambling would tend to take this profit out of the hands of gangsters, place gambling under government control and realize millions of tax dollars.

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Easier To Get In Than Out

Ludwig Erhard, *der Dicke*, has succeeded Konrad Adenauer, *der Alte*, as Chancellor of West Germany, but the fat one gives promise of causing Uncle Sam almost as much trouble as did the old one — and that's a lot. Given a free hand, Erhard might, indeed, be better company, but a free hand is exactly what he hasn't got. Adenauer, who has been insulting Erhard publicly for the past fourteen years, has moved his office down the street from the Palais Schaumburg, whence he will "help" the new government "all I can." The nature of this "help" he has made perfectly plain— he will not brook "this idea of relaxing tensions." As far as he is concerned, the more tension between East and West, the better for the Germans. In this stand, unchanged since he came to power, the old one is backed by former Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, and a good part of the Christian Democratic party.

The 400,000 American soldiers, sailors and airmen stationed in Europe are there for political rather than military purposes, and no one is more aware of the fact than official Washington. The Kennedy Administration would like to pull them back, especially some of the 250,000 stationed in West Germany, primarily to save expenses. At some point, also, such a move will become necessary if further progress is to be made toward a *détente* with the Soviets, with mutually advantageous horse-trading. Washington could help the boxed-in Erhard, and further American interests, by taking a hard line toward the Adenauerites, but this is easier said than done. An American administration, like its German counterpart, must reckon with the machinations of the opposition; it is thus forced into some weird machinations of its own.

Thus the airlift of the 14,500 troops of the Second Armored Division is blazoned as proving that West Germany need have no fear: if the Soviets attack, American help will be on the way in a matter of hours. This misrepresents the situation in every possible way. The Soviets are not going to attack and Adenauer and his cohorts know it; they are monitoring Erhard for entirely different reasons. They are not such military innocents as to assume that any such operation as Big Lift could actually be carried out in an emergency; the Pentagon staff has been working for months on the arrangements. But even if the troops could be dispatched to the German front by rocket and arrive in fifteen minutes, Adenauer would still insist on keeping his 250,000 Americans where they are. Erhard will not find it easy to take any other stand.

In the same measure, the speech of Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric, cautiously adumbrating possible future troop cuts, has made trouble for Secretary of State Rusk. The Erhard administration has expressed its dismay and asked for "clarification," i.e., reassurance that nothing will be done that will enable the wrathful Adenauer to clobber it. Mr. Rusk left for Bonn on October 24 on a trip arranged earlier for courtesy calls, ambassadorial conferences and a speech honoring the late Gen. George C. Marshall. Now Mr. Rusk will have a great deal more to do. He must calm the ostentatiously jittery German nerves by promising there will be no substantial troop cuts, that nothing radical is planned, that all will continue practically as before. While giving these solemn assurances for the little everyone knows they are worth, Mr. Rusk must nevertheless refrain from disavowing Mr. Gilpatric, both because Mr. Gilpatric reacts unpleasantly to being disavowed and because he said what he said with the approval of the White House. Thus a precarious balance will be maintained, for the time being, among the forces represented by the Kennedy Administration, its Republican opposition, the Erhard administration, its Adenauer opposition, and still other West German and European political bodies. No one will be happy, but such are the maneuvers required to keep an outward semblance of good relations among allies.

Civil Liberties Are Indivisible

When it emerges from its periods of lethargy, the House Committee on Un-American Activities is bad enough, but it can hardly hold a candle to its progeny in the states. An especially vicious specimen is the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities. On October 4, acting at the request of LUAC, Louisiana state police and New Orleans city police staged five raids and arrested three men on a charge of conspiring to violate the Louisiana Subversive Activities and Communist Control Law. The target was the Southern Conference Educational Fund, headed by Rev. Fred L. Shuttleworth, a close associate of Rev. Martin Luther King's. Those arrested were Dr. James A. Dombrowski, executive director of SCEF; the Fund's treasurer, attorney Benjamin E. Smith (former Orleans Parish assistant district attorney); and Smith's law partner, Bruce Waltzer. Smith and Waltzer are Dombrowski's attorneys.

Besides the SCEF office, the homes of all three men and the Smith-Waltzer law office were raided. A truckful of records, mostly from the SCEF headquarters, was confiscated. There were some interesting sidelights. The Roman Catholic woman who was excommunicated for her frenzied opposition to school desegregation telephoned a Jesuit priest to tip him off that the raids were imminent and added: "The ADL (Anti-Defamation League) will be next."

On an NBC broadcast, Governor George Wallace of Alabama had implied that SCEF was responsible for bombings in Birmingham because it had held a workshop session in that city prior to the bombings. Asked

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whether this phase had been checked out with the FBI, Jack N. Rogers, counsel for LUAC, said it had not. LUAC had "complete confidence" in J. Edgar Hoover but, Rogers added, "we knew if we told the FBI about this raid they would have to tell Bobby Kennedy. We cannot trust him and we expect him to tell his friend, Martin Luther King."

Waltzer, although not a member of SCEF, was arrested with Smith. He is active in the Committee for Peaceful Alternatives and the police wanted him to furnish a list of members of that organization. A peacemonger is almost as bad as an integrationist and Waltzer is both.

At least HUAC never specialized in racist activities and its one attempt to disrupt peace organizations backfired. LUAC goes farther: like the Union of South Africa, it equates subversion with integration. The main difference between the racist legislators of Louisiana and of South Africa is that the former lack the power to execute their victims.

The legal underpinnings of the LUAC-inspired operation are so flimsy that the New Orleans district attorney may decide not to prosecute. If he does proceed, the case will eventually be thrown out in the federal courts, possibly earlier. But reversal is small comfort if one happens to be a victim, or a victim's lawyer. Defense is expensive and time-consuming.

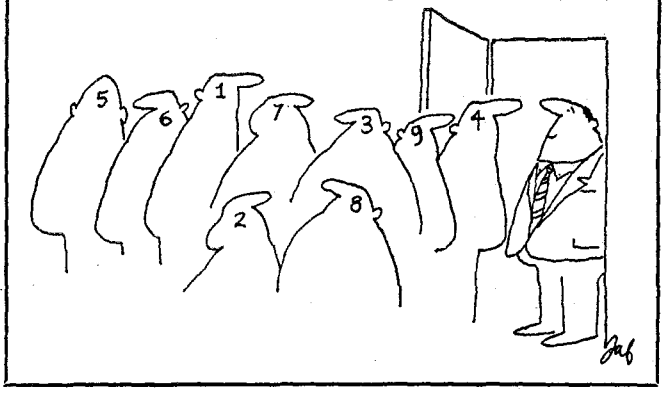
The Louisiana affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union has announced its intention to fight with all its resources on behalf of the accused. The Rabbinical Council of New Orleans has lined up with the ACLU. Other organizations which have the rights of minorities at heart would do well to rally in support. The segregationists are desperate. Unless opposition mounts, they will seize on pseudo-legal weapons all over the South.

Ironic Justice

Granted that the pure in heart can be provocative when galled by bureaucracy, it is still hard to see the recent action of the Internal Revenue Service against off-Broadway's Living Theatre as anything prettier than harassment. The theatre owes the government $23,000 in back withholding and admission taxes; when its front door was accordingly padlocked, its management sneaked an audience across roof tops and through windows for a bootleg performance of *The Brig*. As a result, Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina, the creators, directors, producers and intrepid impresarios of The Living Theatre, will be tried on charges that carry a maximum penalty of $5,000 and three years in jail. The theatre is now, of course, dark.

All this is scrupulously legal, but it sits uncomfortably on the public conscience. The contribution this theatre makes — without hope of gain — to the contemporary drama is so great that one feels embarrassed for the government and angered by the obtuse rectitude of the law. We do not suggest political bias, but sensitive noses are certain to smell censorship: *The Brig*, by all odds the most powerful offering thus far

by Jaf



in the 1963-64 season, exposes Marine Corps brutality. And the government's case is made no more attractive when the Assistant United States Attorney refers in court to Mr. Beck's previous convictions in connection with peace and civil-rights demonstrations.

It was also bad luck for the government that one newspaper story on the misadventures of The Living Theatre appeared in the column next to a report on Britain's new National Theatre. (The latter is to enjoy an annual $346,000 government subsidy, a sum that compares modestly with the $1,288,000 that West Berlin allots each year to the Schiller Theatre, or the $1,400,000 bestowed by the French Government on the Comédie Française.)

As we go to press, it is likely that *The Brig* will reopen shortly in a theatre to be provided rent-free by Irving Maidman, one of the Becks' off-Broadway competitors — an act of compassion as heartening as it is unusual in show business. Technically, Internal Revenue was acting on behalf of the cast when it moved against management; but actually, the cast knew perfectly well that its withheld taxes were not being deposited, knew that without this money the production would fold. One nightmare that actors in such enterprises as The Living Theatre are spared is taxes (they rarely make enough to pay any), and it is ironic that the law forces public officials to padlock the working premises of artists who ask of society only that they be allowed to pursue their art in honesty, freedom and poverty.

How To Keep Fit at Toots Shor's

As everyone knows, the American public is sports-mad, but in this field it doesn't believe in do-it-yourself. In a laudable effort to improve the situation, the State of New York created a Joint Legislative Committee on Physical Fitness, gave it $30,000 and its blessing, and turned the problem over to Assemblyman Hayward H. Plumadore as chairman. A former Adirondack boxing and wrestling champion (roughly equivalent to winning the pennant in the Catskill Mountain baseball league), Mr. Plumadore went about his duties with such ferocity that after six months' operation he found himself with 77c in the till and unpaid bills amounting to $4,000. Among the ex-

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penditures were "executive sessions" at Toots Shor's restaurant, where the menu is not exactly Spartan; these resulted in checks for $138, $113, $93 and $68. A hotel bill in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the time of the Patterson-Liston heavyweight bout, amounted to $200. Numerous similar items attest to the zeal of the committee and its chairman. Aside from the beneficial effects on the voters, it all goes to show the vitality of the democratic process, provided you elect good men to office and give them a free hand.

A Time of Demonstrations

The most audacious political candidacy in years is that of a Negro civil-rights leader, Aaron Henry, for governor of Mississippi. No less startling is the fact that his running mate for lieutenant governor, Edwin King, is a white Mississippian. Henry is a veteran of the U.S. Army and of the Mississippi chain gang, a pharmacist, and a leader of the NAACP. King, ordained in the Methodist church, arrested and beaten during a sit-in demonstration in Montgomery, is now chaplain at Tougaloo College (mostly Negro) in Jackson.

The mock ballot, to be conducted in churches throughout the state, may bring out more voters than the official balloting. But it is really a demonstration, in the form of an election. As such, it adds another technique to the marches, meetings, sit-ins, picketings and boycotts, whereby aggrieved citizens are trying these days to by-pass America's frustrating political maze.

Demonstrations mean that aroused people have decided to create a channel of their own through which to express their grievances. This is what is happening in Mississippi right now with those 900,000 Negro citizens who are denied the ballot; they are constructing their own election machinery. So it was in 1765 when the American colonists, unrepresented in the British Parliament and shut out of their own colonial legislatures, set up a Stamp Act Congress to represent their views.

When Negroes by the thousands go to their homemade ballot boxes, they will be saying to the U.S. Government and to the world: Here we are, wanting to participate in the democracy our country claims to have, but shut out of the regular election because we are black. We are demonstrating that we intend to have our votes counted, if not today, tomorrow, if not tomorrow, then the day after tomorrow. But it had better be soon!

In 1676, Nathaniel Bacon led a group of frontier farmers, kept out of the Virginia House of Burgesses by an unfair electoral system, in a petition for redress of grievances. It was the first important demonstration in America, a hundred years before the Boston Tea Party. The "rebellions" of Daniel Shays in Massachusetts, and then of the Whiskey farmers in Pennsylvania, were really large-scale, violent demonstrations in our early years as a nation. The abolitionists demonstrated, the labor movement demonstrated, the suffragettes and prohibitionists and Populists and Bonus Army men all demonstrated. All felt left out of the great American democratic system, and they were right. And most of them eventually got what they wanted.

That demonstrations have been found increasingly necessary in American life these past few years — for racial equality, against nuclear armaments, even for the use of parks by folk singers — is a sign once more of the inadequacy of the American political structure.

What Killed 'The Mirror' . . . . . Donald Paneth

The New York Mirror, the morning tabloid scuttled by the Hearst newspaper chain on October 15, could not hold its own as a business enterprise despite the second largest circulation in the country. It lacked and couldn't develop the advertising revenue it needed to survive.

"Costs have risen far in excess of revenues and have created substantial deficits over an extended period of time," the Hearst Corporation said in its announcement, closing *The Mirror* and selling for an undisclosed price its name, good will and some of its assets to its direct competitor, *The Daily News*, which has the nation's largest circulation.

W. N. Thompson, general manager of *The Mirror*, said the paper had "lost $2,500,000 so far this year, and that, added onto other losses for previous years, brought the decision to close." *The Mirror* had been on the skids for the past five years. Last winter's 114-day newspaper strike was the final blow.

All of the city's seven major dailies showed circulation and advertising losses for the six-month period following the strike. *The Mirror's* circulation, an average 834,743 daily, 1,050,215 Sunday, was a decline of a little more than 9 per cent from the same period a year before. Moreover, the paper had a tough time attempting to recoup its advertising linage.

"For a number of reasons," a *Mirror* advertising executive said last week. "Stores reduced their advertising budgets because of lost business. During the strike, some money was temporarily diverted to radio and TV, and many retail establishments which hadn't used them before got involved in contracts. After the strike, some papers went in for large-scale product improvement accompanied by heavy promotion. We did not."

Local retail advertising, a prime source of revenue, fell off badly, and in September, *The Mirror* which for the past several years ranked third in retail linage among the city's papers dropped to fourth, displaced by the *Herald Tribune*. Last year, *The Mirror's* volume in this

Donald Paneth was a rewrite man on The New York Mirror *for the past seven years.*

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category was 9,011,733 lines, or 9.7 per cent of the field. In the latest six-month period, it had 3,932,501 lines, or 8.6 per cent of the field. (*The News* and *The Times* are the retail advertising leaders in the city. Last year, *The News* printed a total of 30,082,422 lines, *The Times*, 22,968,734.)

The immediate seriousness of *The Mirror's* advertising dilemma also was reflected in the marked absence of national advertising, a higher-rate paying category which offers such wares as cars, liquor, airline travel, foreign products. *The Mirror* ranked last in this category. In 1962, it had 4.4 per cent of the total; in the latest six-month period, 4.1 per cent.

The Mirror's total volume of advertising last year was 13,199,802 lines, or 7.8 per cent of the field, sixth of the city's papers. In September, it remained sixth, but with 5,916,960 lines, had declined to 6.9 per cent of the field.

A month before *The Mirror* folded, it lost the Rheingold beer account. "Nobody could figure that at the time," an official of the Newspaper Guild of New York, AFL-CIO, recalled last week, "because Rheingold advertises in almost everything."

At one time, particularly during the 1940s, when its circulation reached a daily peak of 1,079,978 in 1948 and 2,240,535 Sunday in 1949, *The Mirror* with its razzle-dazzle of crime and racing news, scandal, Broadway gossip and pinups had been a healthy, profit-making paper. During the 1950s, while its circulation slipped, it retained a huge readership. Its advertising difficulties must be understood in a context apart from its circulation; they derived from a number of sources.

"Apparently, for some reason or other, we couldn't stake out a section of the market and label it *Mirror* so it was comprehensible and recognizable," an executive of the paper said, reflecting on its failure. "Part of the trouble in this regard was *The News's* survey, 'Profile of the Millions,' which continued to show that *News* readers included over 70 per cent of the people who read *The Mirror*. *The News* kept pounding away so vigorously and steadily that it caused people to believe that if they advertised only in *The News* they were getting all the readers of both papers except perhaps a quarter."

"The majority kissed you off for duplication," a colleague added, drawing a parallel with *Collier's* magazine which was forced to shut down in 1957 although it had a circulation of 4 million. *"Collier's,"* he said, "had to fight the fact their readers were reading *Look*. They knocked them on the head with that."

In *The Mirror's* final years, moreover, its circulation was bolstered by Post Position, a horse-race game that distributed several thousands of dollars a week to winners. The game was estimated to account for 60,000 to 70,000 of its circulation. And one reader might buy multiple copies of the paper in order to enter the game a number of times, as he was permitted under the rules to do. This was considered weak or "soft" circulation from an advertiser's point of view. (Post Position was among *The Mirror* assets acquired by *The News*, where it is now appearing daily.)

The News had *The Mirror* bottled up when it came to advertising rates too.

Now, the rates of *The News* were double, and in many instances more than double, those of *The Mirror*: for example, the line rate for a daily full run in *The Mirror* was $2.03, and in *The News* $4.27; the Sunday full-run rate was $2.95 in *The Mirror* and $6.03 in *The News*.

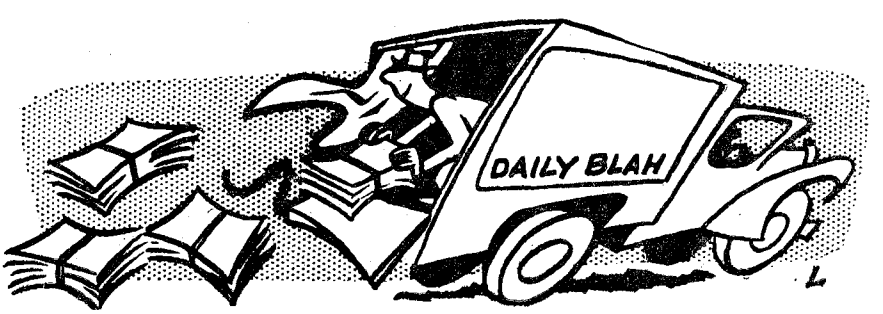
Yet—and this was the point for advertisers—the milline rate (the cost per million readers) was cheaper, worked out to be a better buy, in *The News*. The daily full-run milline rate in *The Mirror* was $2.24, in *The News* $2.07; the Sunday full-run milline rate in *The Mirror* was $2.51, in *The News* $1.87.

In addition, *The Mirror's* rates remained static as costs mounted. Labor costs went up steadily. Even a cheap grade of paper was not cheap. But there seemed no way to increase rates without losing advertisers. At the end, *The Mirror* seemed to have little to offer the advertiser. Not much was done to improve the paper editorially, except the appearance from time to time of a new "feature," a new column or comic strip. Its printing processes were not of the best. Reproduction tended to be gray, dull, diminishing impact. The joke of *The Mirror's* plant on East 45th Street was that the presses had been second-hand when they were originally installed in 1924, the year of the founding of the paper.

The Mirror also was blocked in its efforts to survive by its reputation as a "horse players' sheet." (Its readership included many people who bought it to look at the racing charts, at the selections of *The Mirror's* handicappers and to read Toney Betts, one of America's outstanding racing writers.) Many retailers resisted when *The Mirror's* advertising staff tried to sell them space. "Horse players don't buy in my store," merchants would reply. Advertising salesmen would return discouragedly to the office. "I can go and get an ad for a truss or a second-rate department store, but I can't even get in to see the guy who has a real business," they would say.

When all was said and done, despite the adoption of the slogan, "the paper with a heart," the sponsorship of youth activities, and the inclusion in each day's issue of almost every story on the front page of *The Times*, even if only in two or three paragraphs, *The Mirror* hadn't put up much of a struggle to overcome that kind of identification.

It was unable to attract national advertising for the same reasons that most papers find it difficult. Most national advertising, 70 to 80 per cent, appears on television and in the magazines.



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"Newspapers in general have to live basically by local advertising," a New York advertising consultant pointed out. "National advertisers have a lot of gripes against newspapers. They have to pay higher rates than local advertisers, more costly commissions. Newspapers are old-fashioned businesses. They have been the slowest of all printed media to make improvements in typography and layout. Many newspapers across the country are still reluctant to use color, though it stands out and sells products. Newspapers won't do as much for advertisers as, for instance, magazines will. Magazines will provide the advertiser with extra copies of a published ad, put out a brochure for him, have their salesmen visit dealers to push an advertised product. Some papers do this, but not eagerly."

In the advertising agencies, *The Mirror* had a reputation for being a good promotional medium for some specialties. *The Mirror* was a very good buy for a long time for "that Winchell page"—the page up front where Walter Winchell's column appeared. Some advertisers liked to have their ad on the same page as his column. *The Mirror* charged more for that and got it. It led the city's papers in the field of hotel, restaurant and night-club advertising. Its used car and real estate advertising, high-rate but often one-shot propositions, were way up near the top. Its coupon-response advertisements drew a strong return.

The Mirror was the third major New York City paper to suspend publication in the last thirteen years. (The old *Sun* shut down in 1950, *The Brooklyn Eagle* in 1955.)

The Mirror's suspension was also the latest in a series of closings, sales and mergers over the years by the Hearst chain, which has reduced its newspaper holdings from more than thirty to ten. The chain said it had considered every possible

means of salvaging *The Mirror*. But this was open to question.

Considering the problems *The Mirror* had in staking out a section of the market for itself and in fighting *The News's* survey on duplicate readership, it did little to differentiate itself editorially from *The News*. In fact, the opposite was the case. It chose to follow *The News* when it came to which stories to print and how to play them. It felt it had to have the same headline out on page one that *The News* did. If *The News's* first edition came up with a story that *The Mirror* didn't have, regardless of its nature, *The Mirror's* city desk was set to digging it out—to duplicating it, if you will.

The problem of ancient equipment was significant. *The Mirror* needed new presses, new linotypes, new stereotype units. If they had had them, they might have been able to compete with *The News* in the matter of the capacity and speed of its press run and in hitting the newsstands throughout the city at the same time *The News* did. The Hearst management decided against making the necessary investment.

Finally, *The Mirror* would have been able to survive, certainly for a while, with a rise in its newsstand price from 5c to 7c, but evidently was unable to persuade *The News* to go along. In any event, it seems doubtful that a price increase could have sustained the paper on a long-term basis: three-fourths of a paper's income is produced by advertising.

"New York is a tough competitive market to sell a newspaper," a *Mirror* executive observed. "TV cut the bejesus out of national advertising. Then came the suburban papers, successfully cutting in on our ads. You have a market here for two papers. The others have to slug it out for linage."

As the city's six remaining dailies scrambled for pieces of *The Mirror's* circulation and advertising, reports unhappily persisted that at least two of them were in serious economic distress.

ISRAEL AND ZIONISM . . . . . Aaron Segal

Israel is rediscovering itself. Zionism and Israeli nationalism are no longer the two sides of the same lollipop. Zionism stood as the link between the aim of a Jewish homeland and the presence of Jewish communities throughout the world. With the achievement of that homeland and its subsequent prospering, an Israeli nationalism now emerges that has Zionism as only one of its elements. This in turn is bound to affect profoundly the relation of Israel to Israelis and to Jews and to Jewish communities elsewhere.

Zionism is a nationalism of a uniquely volatile kind. Its predominant theme is linguistic like most romantic nationalisms of the nineteenth century, as distinguished from twentieth-century "political nationalism." Thus for Zionists a Jewish state meant a Hebrew-speaking state, while for Ghanian nationalists a Ghanian state means an English-speaking state.

The Zionist argument rests on the assumption that no Jew anywhere can feel safe as a Jew. The Jew must risk annihilation or assimilation unless he has access to a Jewish state. While physical security is no problem for Jews in Britain, the United States or Scandinavia, the prospects for assimilation are more complicated. Zionism calls upon all Jews who wish to lead fully Jewish lives to make their homes in Israel. Israeli nationalism would like to see more Jews settle in Israel but does not necessarily regard this as the *sine qua non* of the continuance of the state.

What makes a nation a "people" is a background of common historical experiences (not necessarily a common language, although this helps). All Jews, whatever their

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beliefs, share certain historical links, albeit remote. Yet the existence of Israel alters history. Israel as a state has formed a "people" with a unique historical experience that can only be vicariously shared by Jews outside Israel. American Jews may buy trees but Israelis plant them.

The Arab threat both cuts across and enlarges this gap in historical experiences. It serves to unite Israelis with Jews elsewhere since Israel needs their support. Yet, since only Israel is directly threatened, only Israelis fully feel the acuity of the threat.

The problem of Israeli nationalism is dual; the experiences unique to Israelis tend to separate other Jews from them, while the experiences which are shared link Israel to all European peoples and not necessarily to Jews. Zionism no longer functions as the all-purpose fastener.

Thus the internal Israeli struggle is one of giving definition and form to its traditions, of seeking to retain nationalism as means and end by delineating and justifying the uniqueness of Israel. No two countries are ever alike but the case for being different does not necessitate a moral base. Zionism has until now provided this moral base.

The religious groups assert that only as a Jewish state can Israel be unique. Their analysis is good but their conclusions unconvincing to an agnostic world. The nonreligious majority of the Israeli population can be neither induced nor coerced into accepting a theocracy. The left-wing groups cling to a heady Zionist-Socialist concoction; but the *kibbutzim* (collective farms), though unique, do not in themselves make Israel unique. (And they now play a much diminished role in the country's overall cultural life.) Most Israelis believe Israel's uniqueness lies in its being a potential homeland for all Jews. This fundamental credo of Zionism is now confronted by the end of large-scale Jewish emigration to Israel.

Out of a world population outside Israel of nearly eleven million Jews, the five and a half million in America do not want to leave and the two and a third million in the USSR cannot leave. Thus the future for mass emigration to Israel is remote; there will continue to be trickles from Eastern Europe, North Europe, North Africa and South Africa, but the only prospect for a mass exodus is from Latin America and that is unlikely.

The problem being more and more posed is "What is Israel?" Among other things it is a tiny country with a ludicrous frontier, overwhelmingly hostile neighbors, precious few natural resources and a standard of living beyond the productive means of the country. It is a hodgepodge of persons from nearly every corner of the globe (only 37 per cent of the population are Israeli-born), linked by a language, a desire not to be destroyed, and a justified sense of pride in its accomplishments.

This is as much uniqueness as most countries can claim to possess and deliberately understates Israel's position. Yet is it enough? The national skeleton has the idea of a Jewish homeland as skin, but the bones do not fit. Centuries of dispersion and separation have made Jews into many peoples. They arrive in Israel bearing traditions that are often in conflict. The modern state of Israel must erode the cultural heritage of much of its citizenry (and not merely those from Asia or North Africa), but what to replace it with?

Except for language, Israelis do not agree. The extremes range from those who hold the *kibbutz* to be the center of the nation to those who claim this place for the synagogue. The main-stream product is a fiercely patriotic, brazen and somewhat stand-offish Israeli. His elders complain of his bad manners and explain that he is *sabra* (the name for the Israeli cactus pear which has thorns on the outside and is sweet inside, and for those born in Israel).

Sheer physical survival necessitates Israel's becoming a modern nation. Only by skilled manpower and weaponry can it offset the mass of Arab armed strength. Moreover, Israel is overwhelmingly "Western" in its intellectual orientation. Israel is a democracy politically and socially. Her leaders have consciously inherited and uphold European traditions. In spite of irritations about the absence of public services on the Sabbath, kosher meat regulations and — most serious — the requirement that all marriages be religious, Israel is by and large a secular country.

Immigrant children from the "Oriental" countries are often severely wrenched between the values learned in eight years of compulsory schooling and two and a half years of military service, as contrasted with the practice of their homes. It is not surprising that they often identify success with quick money and flashiness and seek to live in the large conurbations rather than in the new development areas. A modern Israel has a place for Iraqi songs or Yemenite dances, but has no place for the mentality that spawned them.

The Israeli second- or third-generation child of Ashkenazi (European) Jews is spoiled at home, steam-rollered through a formidable educational system, prodded by parents and teachers alike to fight for a place at university and a white-collar job, and criticized for lacking the pioneering spirit of his predecessors. His tastes in clothes, movies and music are those of teenagers in Western Europe — with the disadvantage that Tel Aviv picks up rather than creates fads.

These are the symptoms of "normalcy," the attainment of a standard of living that is comfortable (though by no means affluent). An expanding economy and overfull employment have raised incomes and left qualms about exclusion from the European Common Market far from most Israeli consumers' minds. The *kibbutzim* have shared fully in the prosperity to the extent of opening factories, distributing consumer durables among their members and building modest "coffeehouses."

Many Israelis suspect there is something wrong about "normalcy" because it is based upon continued receipt of overseas aid, but more fundamentally because they fear that it strikes at the uniqueness of Israel as a nation.

Against normalcy stand two obstacles:

(1) *The ever-present Arab threat and the extreme vulnerability of the country.* (Tel Aviv is twenty minutes by air from Egypt's Russian-supplied bombers.) This threat necessitates compulsory military service for men and women, annual reserve call-ups for men until age forty-eight, subsidization of frontier settlements, and helps ex-

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plain the development plans for the Negev desert. Traditions are not born full-blown nor can they be created artificially. Defense needs have given Israel a unique and living military tradition.

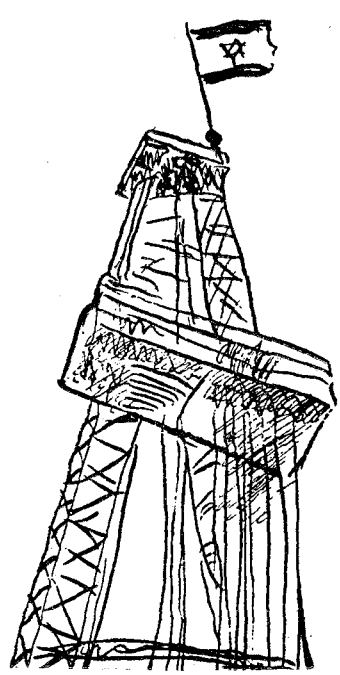
(2) *The idea of a Jewish homeland and the principle of irreparable links with the Diaspora.* This tradition is the *raison d'être* of the state. It explains such extraordinary measures as the provision of a house for every immigrant family while one-fourth of Tel Aviv's population lives in substandard or slum housing. So many Israelis have personal memories of persecution that Israel will always be for them the Promised Land." The semi-official myth of Israel as the only haven for Jews is so widespread that even sophisticated Israelis find it hard to understand that an increasing majority of American or British Jews are not afraid to be known as Jews. "Normalcy" includes the ending of massive immigration and the acceptance of a more or less permanent demographic balance between Israeli and non-Israeli Jews. It will entail a mental revolution from Israel as *the* Jewish State to Israel as *a* Jewish state.

The American and British Jewish communities are likely to retain a kind of "parlor-pink" Judaism based on community centers, cultural activities and emotional ties with Israel. The danger of "assimilation" seems to me misstated since in these countries today it is a matter of pride to be a Jew, a feeling which is enhanced by the accomplishments of Israel. The danger is not that Judaism will vanish but that it will become increasingly devoid of content. One attempted solution is to emphasize the religious content of Judaism, which seems to be the case generally in the United States. Another approach is to stress Zionism and Israel. This latter approach may be of some value among certain Jewish communities in Latin America where anti-Semitism is virulent — but it is likely to encounter increasing resistance among young American or British Jews, who dislike being told they are aliens in what they regard as their homeland.

The plight of the Russian Jewish community seems tragic but inescapable. Whatever the personal sentiments of the current Soviet leadership may be, Soviet communism by its very nature precludes Zionism, since the idea of a specifically Jewish homeland is contrary to the Maxist-Leninist "world-state" and to the reality of Soviet refusals to tolerate Soviet citizens having any relations with non-Communist governments. Thus the Soviets can abide a limited amount of literature in Yiddish but forbid all publication in Hebrew, the language of an alien ideology.

What of the positive cultural side of nationalism? Surely here the scope for fashioning a living tradition is immense. A language has been reborn, and it yearns for a litterature and theatre. Again the dilemma: what is created is Israeli but not uniquely Jewish. Divorced of religious content the specifically Jewish element is Zionism, and that is no longer plausible. The observance of holidays and the teaching of the Bible provide two excellent examples. Essentially these have been transformed into props of Israeli nationalism. Holidays, religious Jews excepted, are now occasions to celebrate the existence of the state of Israel. Passover, Yom Kippur, Rosh Hashana and Sukkoth are part of the history of the people of Israel; their parallels are now Lincoln's Birthday and Memorial Day, rather than Easter.

Biblical instruction occupies ten hours a week in Israeli schools, yet it is as history and literature that it is taught (religious schools aside). The Old Testament, modern European history and the rise of Zionism constitute the modern trilogy used to explain to Israeli schoolchildren the coming into existence of the state. Probably there is no alternative to learning Israeli rather than Jewish history. How can the history of Jews as Jews be taught without teaching the histories of the respective countries in which they have lived? Culturally, the Israelis are on the way toward becoming one people, while Jews remain many peoples.



What would a "normal" Israel resemble? A Middle Eastern Denmark based on democratic socialism? A small-scale Italy carrying emotional ties for millions of Jews, while existing as a secular state and housing the headquarters of a world religion? (Is it merely whimsical that Israelis speak modern and not Biblical Hebrew, which Diaspora rabbis who visit Israel must learn just as Catholic priests need Italian?)

The intellectual exercise of thinking of Israel in non-Zionist terms illustrates the country's uniqueness. Geographically, its climate provides a pattern of outdoor living not possible in most of Europe, and affords trade outlets to Africa and Asia.

Israel can be culturally self-sufficient while absorbing Zionism as historical marrow. Yet the cycle runs full circle. A Jewish homeland exists; the ideal of freedom to be Jewish has been attained. Israelis are Israelis and Jews. The feat of the Zionists is that they made Judaism and Zionism synonymous. Until now to be an Israeli has meant to be a Zionist. Now the question of what is an Israeli remains open and at the same time settled. An Israeli is like a Swede or a Dutchman; the holder of a passport, payer of taxes, speaker of a national language and follower of sports teams. Unlike a Swede or a Dutchman he has until now been the living embodiment of a dream and an ideal. Rather than mutual disenchantment, he and the ideal drift in separate currents: the one in historical memoirs and funeral processions for pioneers, and the other in aspirations for a new house, a better job, a car, etc.

Yet nationalism as an emotion lacks the splendor associated with Zionism. Israel finds it difficult to recruit sufficient teachers or doctors to work in the immigrants' development towns in the Negev. Equally the *kibbutzim* are finding it increasingly difficult to recruit and retain young people. One rea-

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son is because the past attraction of the *kibbutz* was its living Zionism rather than its socialism. Today, when the pursuit of material comfort is an accepted value in Israel, nationalism lacks the emotional force to motivate large-scale personal sacrifices. However, nationalism is still sufficiently powerful to channel most personal ambitions, in a rapidly growing economy, toward the fulfillment of nationally needed tasks.

Compared to other young countries, Israel has had remarkably little of the diminution of idealism that often follows independence. One reason African leaders respect and admire Israel is that it has retained so much of its initial dynamism.

The Zionist leaders had thought beyond independence. They dreamed of a "Jewish State"; but being for the most part nonreligious men, they meant by this a kind of messianic socialism. Their direct intellectual descendants are the young *kibbutzniks* who argue that Israel would not be Israel without the collective farms.

Israel's socialism has proceeded on democratic and pragmatic, rather than messianic, lines. Whatever its counterparts (I think largely Scandinavian), its character is Israeli and not Jewish. Zionism has failed to revise its message to provide the ideals of a living state. It has been replaced by a host of political parties, each proclaiming its version of Israel to be the authentic one while agreeing to neither raise nor bury the ax.

Israel's future existence is a function of her own ability to defend herself, continuance of divisions within the Arab world, and great-power willingness to sustain or quash local quarrels. It is a fragile but possible existence. The playing of taps for Zionism questions Israel's nature but not its existence.

Perhaps Zionism was always a nationalism, a yearning for a piece of land to be peopled by one's own kind, and perhaps inevitably once the real estate was "purchased" Zionism became a nationalistic pride in making something of it. Thus Zionism has become one stream in the broad river of Israeli nationalism.

THE COSMETICS OF WAR . . . .

Donovan Bess

The use of cosmetics was first recorded about 5,000 years ago in Egypt. The Egyptians specialized in fragrant unguents that prettied up the circumstances of the dead. By the time of Cleopatra, they had learned to paint live women very well. Such means of improving women prospered in seventeenth-century England and in France. But in colonial America they were proscribed; e.g., a Pennsylvania marriage could be annulled if the wife had used cosmetics during courtship.

Most societies, including ours, regard it as improper for men to make themselves up, except when on stage or on stunt night. Only women are allowed to invite attention to their bodies in this way. But the American Army of our day has begun to make up men. In fact, the Army craftsmen have carried the cosmetician's art to new levels of refinement. The Army movement aspires to give us a new cosmetical blend of the best traditions of the theatre and the funeral industry.

There has been no public outcry because the soldiers are being made up in the name of Defense — and certainly with no trifling purpose like beautifying. On the contrary, the Army's manliness is insured by the fact that it follows the lead established by the disfigurement of the late Lon Chaney in the film *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

All the armed forces now have cosmetics cadres, with experienced moulage officers in charge. The national headquarters is the Medical Field Services School in the Brook Medical Center at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Moulage kits are made there and distributed as armed-forces issue, like rifles, mosquito netting and pea-jackets. Each kit contains one plastic wound. Your supply sergeant can get you any wound you need, ranging from a GI "Fracture, Compound, Femur" to a GI "Hole, Bullet, Left-hand." With a good variety of plastic wounds you are ready to improvise, in order to produce the fully realistic effect felt necessary to train young men and women in the forces. Unfortunately, plastic does not really look much like human flesh, bone and blood, and that is why you must improvise with food dyes, theatrical cold creams, waxes and any stuff you have around the house — such as oatmeal — that can help create the illusion of an actual, human battle wound. A competent cosmetics complement can produce a reasonably good rendition of an unpleasant field personnel situation that might have been caused by a messy traffic accident, or action by unfriendly forces, or perhaps by a pushbutton altercation.

The biggest moulage game in the history of the Far West was staged on October 5 at Letterman General Hospital in the Presidio of San Francisco. It was worthy of Mike Todd or De Mille. The talent and cosmetic skills lavished on the simulated sick and dying regrettably were enjoyed by only a few dozen Army wives, official observers, friends and newspaper men. The public would benefit if the Army would share this vivid production with the larger audience it deserves.

It was appropriate that this game was staged at Letterman, which is the oldest of the Army's named general hospitals and was established in the midst of war, in 1898. It was named for Major Jonathan Letterman, the man credited with developing the casualty-evacuation plan that was used in the bloody Civil War, and who, after his retirement, became the coroner of San Francisco. Letterman Hospital is recognized nationally as having the most efficient emergency-operations plan in the Army's medical network.

The very fine *esprit de corps* at Letterman is reflected in the fact that on Disaster Day not one of the 200 casualties engaged in the sort

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of wisecracking that soldiers are given to when joined in such make-believe activities. You would have thought these men were suffering the physical anguish indicated by their beautifully made-up plastic wounds. The critically wounded seemed quite downhearted and depressed; some seemed on the point of nausea as they were carried on stretchers or straggled into the gymnasium of the hospital to be bandaged and classified as critical, dying or dead. "In general," said the hospital's news release, "everyone enthusiastically played his planned role to meet the crisis."

The crisis was that a "nuclear incident had occurred in the vicinity of Two Rock Ranch," a military installation near Petaluma, a town thirty-five miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge, in the heart of a prosperous chicken-raising region. It was assumed that the bomb had fallen at about 0600 hours, that nobody at Letterman knew how many were killed or wounded, and that "a large number of injured was anticipated."

The gymnasium, or Triage center, was in charge of Colonel Kryder van Buskirk, a urologist, who got this assignment because he saw much maiming while serving in a collecting company in the Pacific in World War II. He said the hospitals across the bridge, in Marin County and nearer to the bombed area, "lost many of their doctors, but we didn't get hit."

The wounds coming into the Triage center, said Colonel Van Buskirk, were "all too realistic." His command post near the basketball center circle was shared by Colonel William Boyson, a Letterman obstetrician who commanded a tank unit in World War II and a medical battalion in Korea.

"This sort of takes me back," mused Colonel Van Buskirk as the two officers watched a soldier in green fatigues hop through the doorway carrying in his hand a cunningly simulated version of his own severed foot. They watched men being treated for radiation burns; they checked on a soldier with an avulsion of the eye (it had been pushed out of its socket and lay on a bloody cheekbone); they observed the emergency treatment of a WAC who, sitting up on the stretcher to glance at her nasty

(plastic) arm wound, burst into tears. The colonels watched as stretchers were carried over to Chaplain Jack W. Manning, whose GI medical tag designated him as a terminal case from radiation. The Reverend Manning administered the last rites to soldiers dying faster than himself.

"Much depends on the ingenuity of the make-up," said Colonel Van Buskirk. Colonel Boyson commented that this year the cosmeticians had developed something new: a *vomitus de profundis*. "It's awful real," said Colonel Boyson. "This is the kind of vomit that comes from retching vomiting. It's full of dark green because they're vomiting bile — the men really are working out their gut."

This vomit was the product of the craftsmanship and creativity of the cosmetic squad commanded by Reserve Major Joseph Cusimano, a genial mortician who practices in Mountain View, a sleepy town located forty miles south of San Francisco. Cusimano says that the breakthrough on the *vomitus* developed spontaneously during seminars held by himself, Reserve Captain Teresa Tinetti and other artisans of the Nurses' Corps. "It just came about from talking with the girls," the mortician said. "It came up because we were saying that if there is radiation we ought to have some *vomitus*." Their authority for this is undisputed. Herman Kahn wrote in *On Thermonuclear War* that "in the postwar situation . . . it would not be surprising if almost everyone vomits." (Of course, he did not stipulate that all this would be *vomitus de profundis*; rather, he argued that much of the nausea would be induced by suggestion or emotional upset. He proposed that people should have radiation meters to check on their roentgen intake; so that, if the count were low, they would then realize that they had not been radioactivated and could "pull themselves together.")

Miss Tinetti has been an anesthetist at Mary's Help Hospital in San Francisco for twelve years. She has observed hundreds of badly injured persons just before surgery. This is very useful to her career as an Army cosmetician. "Before I put them to sleep," she said, "I see all the symptoms they have, especially the vomiting." Cusimano said the *vomitus* Miss Tinetti helped create was made with cracker crumbs, oatmeal and water containing both yellow and green food-coloring. (You can get all the ingredients at your grocery store.) "We mix it all together until it gets real thick," he said, "then pour it on the soldier. This is a dry vomit because they got so much of the radiation illness that bile comes up. When you've vomited so much that nothing is left to vomit, then you would get this type of vomit."

Cusimano is well qualified to be moulage officer of the Letterman-based 6253rd United States Army Hospital unit. During twenty-three years as a proprietor of the Colonial Mortuary in Mountain View, he examined hundreds of persons killed in accidents on the nearby Bayshore Freeway. In his embalming, he gained a working knowledge of evisceration. Perhaps that is why he talks with even more enthusiasm about some of the other dramatic successes of his cosmeticians. He revealed an especial pride in the soldier with the eviscerated upper bowel. This wound was based on a standard moulage issue from Fort Sam Houston: a simple, plastic patch of coiled bowel about an inch in height and sprawling pinkishly over an area about twelve inches in diameter. But, like most of these prefabricated wounds, it has the unfleshy look of the gums displayed in dental models. Throughout the

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nation, craftsmen like Cusimano must use their ingenuity to make these wounds look respectable. "Being a mortician," said Cusimano, "gives you an imagination."

In the case of the eviscerated upper bowel, Cusimano said, "we dress it up, put some oil on it, shine it up a little bit, put fresh blood on it, and he has a tube that comes into it, which he can press to allow a little blood to come from it, real easy like — because here the excretion is from small vessels that are only weeping blood, not gushing it." He said that when this bowel was attached to the naked lower torso of a prostrated soldier on Disaster Day at Letterman, and presented with a transparent bag full of vomit clutched in the victim's hand, some of the men being trained for nuclear war had to turn their heads away. "That one there," Cusimano said, "seemed to have the greatest effect on anybody."

However, he conceded that the desocketed eyeball, a work of Miss Tinetti, was almost as good. She used a sterile eye pad to keep the wax out of the soldier's real eye, then built up the avulsion by clever molding of wax around a marble painted as an eye. "She covers the wax with colors of tissue, what skin the fellow has, light or dark, then puts white on it to show as though the tissue came from inside," he said. "She paints the cheek a little red to show a little bruising, and puts prepared hard blood around the outer rim." The process, of course, includes applying some liquid blood lightly just before the training exercise begins.

With wounds like a compound fracture of the femur, where blast has whipped an object into the leg, the fatigue clothing is messed up with simulated clotted blood, and hay or dirt is thrown in. "We dirty it up so the doctors have to clean it," Cusimano said. "We know," said Miss Tinetti, "just about what shades of blood to use, and how deep the wound can be."

The liquid blood is made by mixing prepared liquid starch with red food-coloring, for arterial bleeding; blue coloring is injected for venous bleeding. The hospital stocks standard theatrical tubes of oily make-up coloring, in sallow, white, blue, brown, black and red, to take care of shock, and sallow mixed with blue creates the ghostliness of cyanosis (inadequate supply of oxygen in the blood). Adhesive powder like that used by dentists to stick plates to gums is mixed with liquid blood, to get a stunning effect of haematoma (clotted blood with tissue intertwined).

If this talented group of cosmeticians has any weaknesses it is in facial make-up. The faces of the Letterman casualties on October 5 perhaps looked a bit too healthy, on the whole. (Connoisseurs might also note that the Letterman group produced no vile smells.)

The Letterman artisans have only begun their pioneering in this field. In their pencil work, they have made some splendid GI chests look morbidly caved in. "We're still improvising," said Miss Tinetti. "We hope to make it better next time." By civilian standards, it is hard to see how they can improve much. When their outcropping, upper-bowel-with-vomit had its première during a field exercise at Fort Ord last summer, one young soldier ran outside the tent and threw up.

There were also five prototypes of neuropsychiatric victims at Letterman on October 5. These men had been carefully briefed on what the "nuclear incident" had done to their psyches. They showed symptoms of failing to cope with reality. A Letterman Hospital spokesman said such soldiers were "just mentally upset." When he was asked how many of the men involved in the incident would be psychiatric cases, he replied, "Actually, from a nuclear blast, I'd hesitate to say what the ratio would be. There would be a lot of disturbed people."

A Canadian View

GREAT LAKES LABOR WAR . . . . Harry Bruce

The Canadian Parliament this month is uglier about Americans than it has been at any time since the spring of 1957 when the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt jumped off the roof of a Cairo apartment building. The ambassador, Herbert Norman, was a painfully sensitive man and, according to the Canadian version of his suicide, he was hounded to death by American McCarthyites (the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security had repeatedly declared he'd once been a Communist). Now, seven years later, the sentiment against the States stems partly from some bickering over Canadian plans to cut auto-part imports from the United States and partly from some more bickering over a wheat deal Canada has closed with Japan. But, mostly, the fury in the Commons results from the way Washington has fought a Canadian plan to impose a Canadian Government trusteeship on five Canadian maritime unions.

In the case of Herbert Norman, American politicians assumed they could treat a senior Canadian diplomat just as if he were an American citizen whose past seemed to be pink; in the same bland way, Washington now seems to assume that the Canadian Labor Congress is only a troublesome division of the AFL-CIO, and that Canada itself is only an extension of U.S. territory. AFL-CIO President George Meany has told Canadian union members it's their duty to oppose their own government regarding the trusteeship and, since last summer, U.S. Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz has acted as though he didn't expect anyone would want to question his right to sacrifice justice on the Canadian water front to preserve labor votes for John Kennedy.

Nothing works quite like Americans to unite the Canadian peoples. With Wirtz and Meany to denounce for a change, instead of one an-

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other, members of Parliament made a rare demonstration of solidarity; they voted 181 to 4 for the trusteeship. It will place all the affairs of the Canadian unions on the Great Lakes in the hands of three government-appointed trustees. The penalties for interfering with their work run as high as a $10,000 fine or two years in jail.

The trusteeship is a recommendation by Judge T. G. Norris of the British Columbia Court of Appeal who, at the request of the Canadian Government, had undertaken an enormous inquiry (108 days, 187 witnesses, 16,322 pages of evidence) into the disruption in recent years of shipping on the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Seaway. The trouble had grown out of the rivalry between the powerful Seafarers' International Union of Canada and Upper Lakes Shipping, Ltd., of Toronto. Upper Lakes, before 1961, employed SIU crews like every other Canadian lakes shipper, but now it uses men of the Canadian Maritime Union and the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers. The SIU was expelled from the Canadian Labor Congress in 1960 for illegal raiding, but both the other unions are CLC members in good standing. The CLC founded the Canadian Maritime Union expressly to drive the Seafarers off the lakes. These alliances —and the SIU's alliances in the United States—led to picketing and boycotts of Upper Lakes ships, burglaries, malicious damage, telephone intimidation, brutal muggings, shootings, at least one dynamiting of a ship and, finally, to a blockade of part of the Seaway.

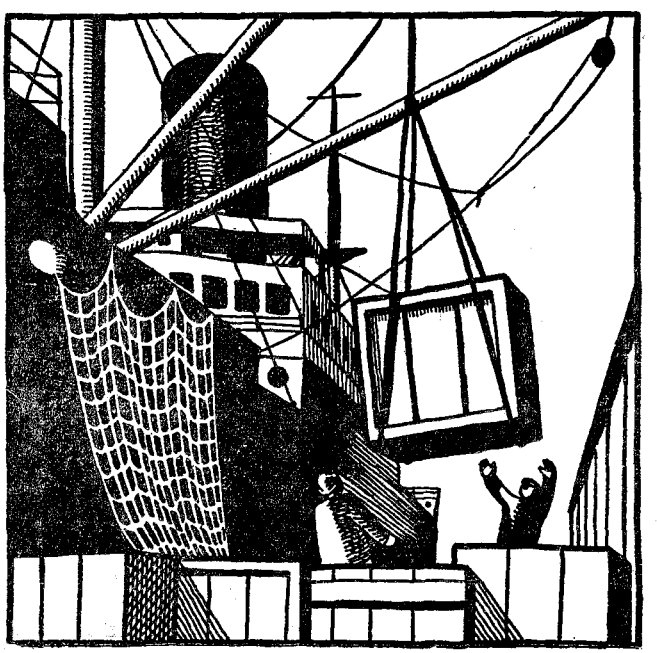
Norris reported last July. The report, through the weight of evidence and the force of Norris' opinion, is a sensational and overwhelming denunciation of Hal Banks, the president of the SIU in Canada. Banks is a kind of permanent punishment for the old sins of Canadian shippers and shipping unions. They asked for him. Early in 1949 they approached Harry Lundeberg, then the president of the SIU in North America, to see if he could give them a tough leader to drive from the Canadian water front the troublesome and Communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union. They got Banks, who'd learned some of his toughness in San Quentin during a three-and-a-half-year sentence for passing bad checks. Banks did defeat the CSU but many people, including Judge Norris, think the cure was worse than the affliction. Banks, Norris says, "is of the stuff of the Capones and the Hoffas of whom the dictators throughout history, from the earliest times to the totalitarians, Hitler and Stalin, are prototypes. He is a bully, cruel, dishonest, greedy, power-hungry, contemptuous of the law. In his mouth, the use of the word 'democracy' is sheer blasphemy."

But despite the bilious assessment of Judge Norris, Hal Banks, like Hoffa, has never been found guilty of a crime in connection with the way he does his work. Even without convictions, however, Norris thinks the Banks record is clear enough. After all, 60 per cent of criminal offenses go unsolved in Canada. The case against Banks, Norris says, has reached the point described by Professor Julius Stone in the 1946 *Harvard Law Review*: "There is a point in the ascending scale of probability when it is so near to certainty that it is absurd to shy at the admission of prejudicial evidence."

Norris concluded that there would never be peace on the Great Lakes while Banks had anything to do with unions there. One of the specific duties he laid down for the trustees was to fire Banks and his small train of flunkies. Against all this background, George Meany's description of Banks's branch of the SIU as "free trade unionism" strikes Canadians as ignorant or cynical.

Part of Parliament's anger, or frustration, in October comes from the knowledge that Banks in Canada has the day-to-day support of powerful people in U.S. labor. These people include, most noticeably, Paul Hall, who is president of the Maritime Trades Department of the AFL-CIO and president of the SIU in North America; and Thomas Gleason, who is head of the International Longshoremen's Association and a member of the MTD's executive branch. Banks himself is both an MTD vice president and chairman of the MTD Great Lakes Conference. The ILA and the MTD both support Banks in his war with Upper Lakes Shipping. The company's ships were still being boycotted in American ports this fall and goons were still bloodying their CMU and CBRT crews. In Chicago and Toledo it doesn't seem to make much difference that these are certified Canadian unions.

Hall tried, with less success, to fight Banks's fight in other ways. He has called Claude Jodoin, the president of the Canadian Labor Congress, both gutless and a prostitute. When William Dodge, the vice president of the CLC, was appearing in Montreal as a star anti-Banks witness at the Norris hearing, the MTD held a meeting a few blocks away, denounced him as a scab and, in a brotherly little ceremony, awarded Hal Banks a plaque for all his good works on behalf of



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Seafarers. Hall was in Montreal long enough to say the Norris inquiry was a "McCarthy-like smear" and, later, George Meany called it a vitriolic and vicious attack on the SIU. (With regard to American labor officials' opinion of his commission, Norris said, "It does not lie in their mouths to criticize this inquiry because . . . they have neither the knowledge nor the appreciation of British justice, nor the understanding nor apparently the ability.")

Paul Hall's propaganda seemed to be timed to influence the Norris hearing. It wasn't so offensive, however, as Willard Wirtz's indiscretion, which seemed to be timed to influence Parliament. Wirtz, first of all, had gone up to Ottawa to tell the Canadian Government it would be smart to forget the public trusteeship and promote a private inter-union trusteeship. As it turned out, the government wasn't keen about the idea anyway; no Canadian union has ever been placed under government trusteeship and it's a measure of how grimly Canada regards the mess on the lakes that it was even considering an idea so repugnant to so many people. For a few months then, the government encouraged and joined the talks among Wirtz's department, the Canadian Labor Congress and its American counterpart, the AFL-CIO. The negotiations, in Canada at least, were understood to be secret, but after they'd collapsed and within hours of Parliament's debate on the government trusteeship, Wirtz publicly blamed the Canadian Labor Congress for their failure. Apparently, the CLC had insisted that since the unions concerned were all Canadian and since they dealt with Canadian shipping companies and since the dispute had started in Canada, then two of the three trustees should be Canadians. This struck Meany and apparently Wirtz as pretty intransigent. They could see no reason why the effective control of five Canadian unions should not be exercised by Americans. The Toronto *Globe and Mail*, which is Canada's huffiest and most respected newspaper, said Prime Minister Lester Pearson was charitable to ascribe Wirtz's statement to ignorance and bad judgment.

There may be still more insults both ways, and even more chaos than the events that inspired the Norris inquiry. The U.S. Administration feared weeks ago that Canada's trusteeship would inspire an SIU strike and boycotts against Canadian ships around the continent. This might lead to a retaliatory blockade by Canadians of the St. Lawrence Seaway and if that happens, anonymous Washington officials warn, there will be a major crisis in Canadian-American relations. By the third Saturday in October it all seemed to be coming true. The SIU in Montreal told its members the trusteeship "will put us in the same position as workers in Russia, East Germany, China and Cuba" and urged them to join a protest march to Ottawa. Hundreds of Seafarers walked off ships in every sizable Canadian port. The walkout, in the government's opinion, is illegal and narrows the already slender chance that somehow Canada and the States will still come up with an agreement for a private trusteeship. But even if they fail, the worst would happen only if the U.S. Administration continued to refuse to discipline the unions on its own side of the lakes. A violent act against a union under a Canadian Government trusteeship would be a violent act against the Canadian Government itself and, hopefully, the U.S. Administration would then *have* to take action.

Canadians have worried about the fact that Americans now own about two-thirds of Canada's mining, manufacturing, petroleum and natural gas industries. They haven't thought so much about another aspect of American influence over Canadian affairs: out of the 1,400,000-odd union members in Canada more than a million belong to affiliates of the AFL-CIO, as well as to the Canadian Labor Congress. The CLC favors the government trusteeship. George Meany, of course, opposes it. His call to arms of Canadian union members means they'll have to decide whether they're with Meany, the AFL-CIO and the SIU, or with the Canadian Government and their own labor congress. By forcing the decision Meany, according to Toronto labor writer Wilfred List, "has done more to push the cause of Canadian union autonomy than the most zealous Canadian nationalist."

The statements by Meany and Wirtz, whether they are regarded as ignorant or arrogant, are another proof of one of Canada's oldest complaints against the United States: "You're taking us for granted." A Toronto businessman puts it this way: "If the shoe were on the other foot the situation wouldn't last five minutes. Or, what if the U.S. allowed ships and men from some country like Ghana to be treated this way? Some big fellow in flowing robes would come over and they'd have it fixed up in no time. They'd probably throw in a foreign-aid loan, too."

By upholding Banks's power, the United States seems to be imposing on Canadians one of the most repulsive aspects of American life. Many Canadians think Canada is fairly pure compared to the United States. Whether it's true or not, they tend to think of the States as a place where cracked skulls, attempted murder and organized mayhem are almost routine. They were shocked to learn from the Norris inquiry that planned water-front brutality is a part of Canadian life, too, and they think, perhaps naively, that they can keep violence from spreading.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

And, finally, I don't think it is valid to look at the English system of legalized betting and come to the conclusion that it's all right for them but that things are different here. We have successfully borrowed quite a lot from the English, such as Parliamentary law and trial by jury. . . .

Ray Staples

Dependent children

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: It is astonishing that in his otherwise sound review of the AFDC picture ("The Twenty-Fifth Child," *The Nation*, Oct. 19), Richard Haitch omits any mention at all of perhaps the chief reason for the current hostility toward the program: a disproportionate number of public assistance recipients are Negro.

A real solution to the problem Mr. Haitch describes is going to take a lot more than learning "that there is no economy in a Scroogian welfare program that perpetuates the problems it purports to cure." It is going to take a full coming to terms with the effects of racial discrimination in education, employment and housing. Ending discrimination will not end the need for AFDC, of course, but it will help "lawmakers and plain citizens" look at the program less prejudicially.

William Friedlander

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Ideology and the Private Vision

Ernst Pawel

The boom in fiction from Eastern Europe, which is unabated, offers intriguing clues to the mentality of Soviet censors and American editors. Beyond that, and on levels other than politics or business, the literary imports published here this fall give evidence, not so much of any consistent trends in either quality or subject matter, as of a potentially far more significant phenomenon: the survival of genuine writers, with something to say and a determination to say it in their own way or not at all.

While the pen may not be mightier than the party hack when it comes to a head-on collision, the fact that Socialist Realism is a poor substitute for literature has long been obvious even to the pure in heart. The apathy of Western publishers could always be discounted as political bias; the attitude of fellow travelers was harder to explain away. As recently as last August, delegates to the European Writers' Conference held in Leningrad were chided by their Russian hosts not only for their snobbish indifference to the main stream of Soviet letters but also for their inordinate interest in certain "younger" writers. That as a rule those young writers, generating most of the excitement abroad, do not represent anyone but themselves is true enough; it is precisely what makes them, if not significant, at least authentic. United States publishers are wholly justified in concentrating their attention on these dissenting voices. In literature, what other voices are worth bothering about?

Dissent, at any rate, is not confined to youth, unless the terms are used as synonyms. Thus Solzhenytsyn, Nekrasov, Tendriakov, Tarsis are all past middle age. And the melancholy satirist Zoshchenko was sixty-three when he died in 1958, rehabilitated but not yet back in print. Public response to his work, which has since been republished in huge though expurgated editions, left no doubt as to his undiminished popularity and relevance; it also proved that Zhdanov, Stalin's frenzied culture commissar, had been absolutely right when he denounced Zoshchenko as subversive.

Ivo Andric. *Bosnian Chronicle.* Knopf. $6.95.
Milovan Djilas. *Montenegro.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.
Ilona Duczynska, Karl Polanyi, editors. *The Plough and the Pen.* McClelland & Stewart. $6.50.
Vladimir Maximov. *A Man Survives.* Grove. $2.95.
Pawel Mayewski. *The Journey and the Pity.* Scribner's. $3.50.
Alexander Solzhenitsyn. *"We Never Make Mistakes."* University of South Carolina Press. $3.75.
Magda Szabo. *The Fawn.* Knopf. $4.50.
Valeriy Tarsis. *The Bluebottle.* Knopf. $4.50.
Mikhail Zoshchenko. *Nervous People and other Satires.* Pantheon. $5.95.

For Zoshchenko is dangerously human; he used language, not to impale victims, but to communicate with other human beings in a conspiracy of understanding. As a satirist he ranks with Daumier. That he had the misfortune to tangle with models less complacent than the rising bourgeoisie led to fatal complications, but does not justify regarding him as primarily a political figure.

Pantheon has now brought out the first comprehensive selection of Zoshchenko's works, edited and in a brilliant translation by Hugh McLean that comes about as close as seems possible to conveying the special flavor of Zoshchenko's idiosyncratic vernacular. Professor McLean mercifully eschews quaintness and do-it-yourself slang in favor of pungently colloquial American English that strains neither language nor reader. Technically, moreover, this is an exceptionally handsome book, reasonably priced for a volume of its size. Inevitably, the trip across the culture gap results in some loss of momentum for Zoshchenko, but what survives is ample evidence of his scope. He does not needle, bludgeon or crusade; his sketches at their best are slices of life cut at odd angles across the grain, not to discover truth eternal but to explore the roots of a personal nightmare. He tried, God knows, to be a good Communist, a solid citizen, to conform in attitude as well as politics; but he was constitutionally incapable of seeing things as others saw them, and it is this flaw that links him to the new wave in Soviet letters.

The thaw, though still sporadic and tentative, has revealed much talent under the ice. It has also led to passionate controversies that make for good copy but are unlikely of themselves to have more than an incidental effect upon the larger issues they reflect. The outcome of Moscow's literary wars will ultimately be decided by the further evolution of the Soviet system, but the conflict between the artist and the commissar is endemic to it as long as it remains totalitarian. The enmity here is a matter, not of conflicting ideologies, but of ideology versus the private vision. None of the "young rebels" is crusading for anarchism or restoration of the Romanovs, and many of them are confirmed or even practicing Communists. But to go traveling all over the capitalist U.S. and then come back home and sum up one's impressions in a blank-verse poem celebrating triangular pears symbolizes a degree of subjectivism that, to judge by the vitriolic attention this particular item received from Premier Khrushchev himself, is liable to undermine the very foundations of the Soviet state. If literature is defined as the personal statement, then literature offends by definition.

A case in point is Solzhenitsyn. The tale according to which Khrushchev sanctioned publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* because of its literary merits may be regarded as the Soviet Premier's personal contribution to the art of fiction; however, that Solzhenitsyn as a writer far transcends the political implications of his subject matter is borne out by two more of his stories now published in a volume from the University of South Carolina Press. In the title story, "We Never Make Mistakes," a man's life hinges upon the choice an officer must make between his duty and his human decency. "In Matryona's

Ernst Pawel, novelist and translator, is the author of From the Dark Tower *and* In the Absence of Magic *(both Macmillan).*

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House" is brief but stunning in its impact, a portrait of a woman and of an age; warmth, humor and tenderness ultimately fuse in a tragic vision that makes the author comparable with Tolstoy and Turgenev. Solzhenitsyn, now forty-five and ill, is unlikely to fulfill the promise revealed in the small output published so far, but his accomplishments have none the less been substantial enough to stir up the hacks who, having robbed him of ten creative years, are now mounting a campaign against his "biased and one-sided views." Happiness is a Nice Cozy Camp near the Arctic Circle.

On the evidence, the hacks are in for a fight. Soviet writers who have come of age since Stalin lack the reflexes conditioned by absolute terror; and if they seem startlingly Western in language and outlook, it may be a case not so much of imitation as of sharing the same very small planet and of being attuned to the same big noise. One example is Vladimir Maximov's *A Man Survives*, billed here as revolutionary in both form and content. Actually a morality tale conventional enough in its message to have come out in the reactionary magazine *Oktyabr*, it is saved from utter banality by a technique of cuts, flashbacks and barbed dialogue that suggests affinities in attitude as well as style with Western contemporaries. Less experimental in form but far bolder in substance is Yuri Kazakov, an avowed disciple of Bunin; translations of his stories, refreshingly devoid of homiletics, have been appearing here in magazines, and a collection of them will be published early next year by Houghton Mifflin under the title *Going to Town*.

The Bluebottle by Valeriy Tarsis was smuggled out of Russia, and its publication in England cost the author a stretch in a mental institution; he was reported to have been released in May, 1963, together with Naritsa and Yesenin-Volpin, who were being treated for similar aberrations. Tarsis, sixty-one, and like his protagonist an erudite professor of French literature, conveys in a sporadically brilliant display of gallows humor the terrifying loneliness of an independent spirit lost in the forest of petrified thoughts and emotions. It is a savage assault on Communist clichés by an angry old man whose bitterness springs from the same sense of alienation that some of his younger successors have learned to accept and flaunt with a measure of pugnacious pride.

The Journey and the Pity by Pawel Mayewski is Eastern European only in inspiration; the author, a native of Poland who spent three years in a Siberian prison camp, is now an American citizen and writes in English. The book is impressive evidence of the skill with which he uses the language, but the many-tiered symbolism of his story about faceless men in a walled settlement out of time and ruled over by an anonymously omnipotent superpower amounts to a schematic construct of man's fate in an anti-human order that ultimately fails to convince precisely because the symbol is made to replace the man.

The Plough and the Pen, an anthology of Hungarian writing from 1930 to 1956, makes an attempt to do justice to the extraordinary vitality that Hungarian writers as a group have displayed in both politics and literature. It is, however, handicapped by the editors' preoccupation with Populism, a somewhat erratic criterion when it comes to anthologizing literature. But by devoting almost a third of its space to young poets—a rather daring move, considering the difficulties of translation—the book makes up for its shortcomings in the prose department and communicates to the English-speaking reader some of the excitement of contemporary Hungarian poetry.

The other sample of current Hungarian fiction is *The Fawn* by Magda Szabo, a soap opera for today's young moderns. This verbose confession of a frigidly narcissistic actress at the bier of her lover proves, if anything, that Central European schmaltz is still available in Budapest and hasn't lost its flavor, despite the new container.

Bosnian Chronicle, in a translation by Joseph Hitrec that masterfully captures the cadenced flow of the original, is the cornerstone of Ivo Andric's trilogy dealing with the land and the people of Bosnia. Deeper and more ambitious in scope than any of his work previously published in English, it affirms the Nobel Prize-winner as a figure of truly international stature, but by the same token also puts him somewhat beyond the range of this discussion. For all his searching preoccupation with the history of his country, Andric's leisurely pace and profoundly humanistic outlook is much closer to nineteenth-century Europe than to Tito's Yugoslavia. *Bosnian Chronicle*, a marvelous tapestry of Turkish Bosnia in the days of Napoleon as seen through the eyes of an unheroic, intensely human French consul, reflects his Olympian distance.

At the very opposite end of the spectrum is Milovan Djilas, a man whose total commitment has made him an authentic hero in a world whose heroes are created by public relations rather than private deeds. If trouble seems to be his inevitable fate, no one can say that he didn't ask for it. But what his cantankerous intransigence has demonstrated is that the heady and corrupting experience of power need not be an irresistible temptation. Man can, on occasion, survive the trip to the inner circle of the most central of central committees.

Therein lies the greatness of Djilas, and probing the neurotic motivations of such manifestly self-destructive courage is a facile exercise designed to enshrine smugness as a standard of normalcy. More to the point is Djilas' own quest for identity in terms of a nostalgic regionalism not unlike that of Andric, though the two have little else in common. Both react to the alienation most pervasively acute in a society passing through the initial stages of industrialization; but where Andric strives for serene detachment, Djilas writes the history of his native Montenegro as an epic poem and with all the passion of his firebrand romanticism.

The results, in *Land Without Justice*, were enormously moving. Unfortunately *Montenegro*, a sequel of sorts that in three related segments brings the country's history up to the end of World War I, is far less successful. Digressive prolixity and sententious rhetoric tend to dissipate much of the symbolic significance of these three semi-fictionalized episodes—the battle of Mojkovac in 1916, the ordeal of

The half of life

(after Hölderlin)

The land lulls in the sea, full
of summer, lapping yellow
pears and summer roses; swans
are gliding, drunk with love,
they kiss and gently dip
their heads in the sobering water.

Where can I find, where can I find
when winter comes, the flowers? where
the sunshine and the earth's full
shadow?
walls arise
cold and silent: in the wind
the banners flare.

Richard Deutch

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three hostages awaiting execution, and the fatal duel between two chieftains that signals the end of an era. Djilas himself was unable to see the manuscript through its final stages, and the version as published was edited by the translator.

Given the circumstances of Djilas' recurrent imprisonment under conditions of medieval severity, it seems a miracle, not that the book is flawed, but that it still manages to be interesting throughout. It is a proof of the man's genius, and while his challenge to complacency can obviously not be answered in any way other than by clapping him in jail, might we not in the name of New Frontier culture prevail upon Tito to provide his ex-comrade with pen and paper, a heated cell in winter and decent medical care?

Whatever else, then, these books may or may not prove about the literary scene in Eastern Europe, they show a wholesome revulsion to homogenized pomposity, now that point of view is no longer entirely a matter of law.

The Sly Natural

STAND UP, FRIEND, WITH ME. By Edward Field. Grove Press. 77 pp. $2.50.

Grandin Conover

"Field writes poetry," a professional poet remarked wistfully, "for people who don't really like it." Strangely enough, the obverse is not true. Field's first collection, *Stand Up, Friend, With Me*, arrives with high praise from the professionals and is also a winner of one of those inevitable prizes which have proliferated as rapidly as film festivals. The methods by which he has accomplished this rather egalitarian trick reflect credit on Field as a craftsman.

Taken at face value these poems are all by Mr. Nice Guy who has learned to live with verve in one of our vast metropolitan areas. "If you go there they have signs up 'Poets Keep Out,'" so he writes poetry in secret the way other citizens keep diaries. He's a clerk somewhere, thirty-five, "and looking it lately."

The poster with my picture on it
Is hanging on the bulletin board in the Post Office . . .

But everybody passes by and I have to admit
The photograph was taken some years ago . . .
I was unwanted then and I'm unwanted now
Ah guess ah'll go up echo mountain and crah . . .

Description: Male, or reasonably so
Brown eyes starey under beetling brow
Mole on chin, probably will become a wen
Warning: This man is not dangerous, answers to any name
Responds to love, don't call him or he will come.

Financially, he's in poor shape, but finds some support for his high spirits, although he is by no means perfectly at home in the republic. Among his enthusiasms: the dirty pictures on the walls which make riding the subway tolerable, and Ookie, a baby walrus at the Coney Island zoo ("Leap the railing right into my arms / And squirm there fishily always, Ookie, mine alone"). There are obsessions with the telephone, ocean liners and tiny gardens made up mostly of grapefruit seeds and a dying avocado. Chopin and Fidel Castro excite him for startling reasons (a clever counterpoint of the ordinary and the iconoclastic) and he has a horror of trees — "on this ball rolling through the heavens / Their million sucking roots take grip like claws." Finally, of course, there's a Sylvia who helps him get through—"I step out of my clothes when I think of her."

It's not all bounce. The poems usually turn sad. In "The Charmed Pool," Prince Charming goes about dutifully kissing everything in sight in search of his princess:

A dragonfly turned into Jack the Jew Killer, a mushroom into Miss Venom of the grammar school,
And soon there were lots of unpleasant people sitting around . . .
He took off his Prince costume
Revealing a quite attractive but ordinary young man
Who no longer knew what to do or where to go . . .
When a man tries the charmed pool and fails
What can he do if he doesn't die of it?

What makes all this supportable is that it is done absolutely dead-pan, but with enormous artistic guile. "He's a natural," as they are reputed to say in show business, watching some carefully constructed artifice break into a

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tap dance. The "I" who dominates these poems is never self-patronizing, ironic, or even reflective. This is so unheard of in recent American verse that at first it seems not only youthful, but adolescent. And it is true that at times Field sounds a little ga-ga, not sophomoric so much as prematurely senile. What is striking, however, is that a really original personality seems to be at work. A favorite appellation on the book jackets insists that some young poet or other "speaks with a voice that is all his own," yet poetry has never looked so uniform. Field's subjects seem familiar enough, but in these days he is a really unconventional lyricist. He makes no attempt to "apprehend" the world in some new way, taking for granted that we know all we need to about the cities we share with him. He is concerned with what viable attitude to take toward them. Atmosphere, imagery and rhythm are exclusively servant to the poetic speaker. This unabashed sense of the self, however, owes a good deal more to a modern aesthetic than to the largess of Whitman. Field has slyly invented the kind of persona a younger, more generous Pound might have envied; he's a Mr. Average who turns out not to be a cipher at all, but idiosyncratic, special, maybe even a little crazy — as we would like to believe everyone is somehow an individual in the United States of Monotony, whether he sells shoes in Union City or teaches history at Harvard.

As one expects of a poet working in a colloquial idiom, Field's special technical feats are his use of the line and his diction. His lines are usually end-stop, without rhyme. The precaution he takes against turning prosy is novel in its simplicity: he writes almost exclusively in iambic pentameter, which avoids monotony because Field's ear is so accurate he can fool you into believing his rhythms are conversational. However, if you read *Stand Up, Friend, With Me* aloud to a friend (and this is the kind of poetry you do), you find that you are being directed very carefully; the spontaneity is as artfully arrived at as dialogue on the stage.

Diction is Field's special feat. The right word in the right place is closely related to the problem of tone. Field's attitude toward his material is purposely unlettered, bawdy but rarely shocking. A preference for the monosyllabic and one-dimensional is perfectly suited to his purposes, since he shows no taste for ambiguity or metaphysics. It is as if he were out to purify the language of that tribe of classless, urban innocents who still feel like writing a poem occasionally, or still feel anything at all. In contrast to the "Beats," he uses slang sparingly, and when he does shoot from the hip, he chooses his moments carefully and then with an eye for effects that charm rather than startle. Fondly recalling his sister as a baby, he addresses her: "Dear Barbara, when you had the ear operation / And your hair was cut short like a baby dike / I sat by your crib because I considered you mine."

The great complaint about this kind of poetry is that it isn't "about anything." At best it's charming; at worst simply fey. In short, it's all personality. It must be admitted that part of Field's appeal is the contrast of his verse in this respect to that of his contemporaries. From a random sample of recent arrivals take twelve competent, message-loaded lyrics and after reading through half a dozen one would swear that they'd all been written by the same poet whose most fertile faculty was for pseudonyms. Field almost always speaks with great originality, and yet his crafty use of the most ordinary idiom somehow awakens an emotion one thought had long since been banished, a nostalgia for that strange democracy of our dreams where anyone could be a poet if he just had the time and energy to get it all down.

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LETTER from SOFIA

Garé LeCompte

On board the Balkan Express out of Istanbul your first impressions of Bulgaria do not linger long after reaching Sofia. The memory of a midnight rude awakening at the border by a Bulgarian security officer, dressed in a great coat so long it appeared to be a baby bunting without feet, is soon softened by the friendly smiles peering through the bleak dawn at the Sofia Central Station. The day is Sunday in a Communist country, and while Bulgaria has not achieved the Marxist epitome reached by the Soviet Union, it is still a "people's democracy" and therefore atheist. However, the first notable sounds after leaving the hustle and bustle of the terminal is the beautiful peeling church bells of Sofia's three historic churches — one Russian, one named in honor of a Russian hero (Alexander Nevsky) and the sixth-century Byzantine church for which the city itself is named.

The High Mass at Sofia's largest church, the Alexander Nevsky Memorial Cathedral, is full of worshipers from all age levels and social strata. This diversity characterizes a city where Vladimir Ilych Lenin Street is a stone's throw from Patriarch Eftimi Avenue. People may strive for the "realism of socialism" six days a week, but the Sabbath belongs to God and is not communally shared with Marx. Five old men sitting in the park beside the historic St. Sofia Church tell me that they have just attended High Mass. They are outspokenly proud of their people for maintaining religious traditions in

Garé LeCompte, an Orientalist, formerly consultant to the Middle East Institute and area research analyst with the U.S. Government, recently traveled through Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

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this difficult era. They urge me to see certain sites and seriously warn against drawing conclusions from certain items placed on exhibit to placate the party. One old man who has been to Russia tells me to note, above all, what few changes the party has wrought in Sofia. "No propaganda posters here," he says, "and you'll find very few people going to see the embalmed corpse of Georgi Dimitrov — this isn't Moscow's Red Square."

The former palace, sitting across from Dimitrov's mausoleum on Ruski Street with two toylike soldiers on perpetual guard, is now the state art gallery. Displays of some of the most beautiful and historic icons in the world are to be found in this ornate nineteenth-century mansion. Little "Socialist realism" is to be found in the maze of gallery rooms. Crowds of Sofians, peasants from nearby rural areas, and a few conspicuous East bloc tourists cluster around the religious art and eighteenth-century family scenes. Modern art, even that only tinged with abstraction, is relegated to the most inaccessible room.

Sunday in Sofia is the day of a perpetual New York-style Easter parade. The latest European fashions are sported, along with "beehive" and B.B. hairdos. While men still cling to the early postwar "heavy" styles, with none of the sharpness of the Italian cut or well-scrubbed ivy look, they give a definite air of prosperity. Sofia contains 320 well-planned parks which serve as the Sabbath escape from the six-day program of striving to meet Bulgaria's umpteen-year plans. Tired promenaders fill the open benches discussing life in general and laughing over the latest political joke (Russians are importing more and more Bulgarian cigarettes — now things are reversed, we're exporting cancer to them!).

Shops are shut. Even the restaurants have short hours of operation and close shortly after the promenading ends in the late afternoon. The leader of the gypsy combo at the Hungarian restaurant on Georgi Sava Rakovsky Street glances at his watch between measures. The waiter, a member of the old school who still believes in service, bustles around pouring the remainder of the bottle of mineral water into your glass.

Only the large CORECOM (Comptoir de Representations et de Commerce) department store opens on Sunday, and even there the hours are short. Wandering through the five floors you feel as if you had stumbled into a never-ending bargain basement — except that the prices are no bargains. Crowds browse through the aisles, but few can afford to buy. A young couple gazes longingly at a sample showroom of furniture while the loud-speakers provide the background music of *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

In the early evening, the younger promenaders move from the parks to the sidewalk cafés. University students gravitate to a café on tree-studded Ruski Street, near their school. Conversations are similar to those heard among college students in the Munich *hofbrauhaus*, the rue St. Germain, London's Soho and the "Village" — which courses to take, which professor to avoid, which girl to date, etc. Political topics are avoided, but political jokes are not. The racial problem looms large because of the African student difficulty, but it is deemed unsafe for general discussion. Students favor freedom for the foreign students, but insist that academic standards must not be lowered. Another group advocates a special program for the not too well trained Africans, but are called segregationists. The conversation cannot continue in such a public place, I am told by a participant, but will be taken up again privately later that evening.

Night is falling, the street empty, and a quiet develops which makes those of us from the Middle East feel at home. A Sunday in Sofia — more peaceful than the Champs Elysées, more friendly than the Kurfürstendamm, more colorful than the Karl Marx and Gorki Prospects and more representative of peace and tranquility than the multitude of "peace and friendship" posters throughout the rest of Eastern Europe.

The customs official says I cannot remove the $5 in remaining Bulgarian *leva* from the country; he guides me to a souvenir stand and later accepts an invitation for a beer in the restaurant. As I get up to leave he throws his arms around me, and insists I must return to visit him again.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

How tricky is the world of the theatre: profound men may write superficial plays; men not nearly so profound may write clever plays; men neither profound nor clever may write successful plays.

Ugo Betti was a genuinely religious man. His essay "Religion in the Theatre" (which may be read in that excellent collection, *Theatre in the Twentieth Century*) contains passages of soulful wisdom. "I truly believe," he wrote "that if we search untiringly at the bottom of all human abdications, we will end by finding, under so many 'nos,' a small 'yes' which will outweigh every objection and will be

When fear silenced others, I. F. STONE spoke

In 1953, at the same time that Senator McCarthy began his "investigations", Washington correspondent I. F. Stone launched his now-famous *Weekly*, a crusading one-man periodical dedicated to political sanity, honesty and human dignity.

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sufficient to rebuild everything . . . since in error not all is error."

Betti, a magistrate in the High Court of Rome and a dramatist as well as a Catholic thinker of delicate insight, rarely if ever succeeded in writing a wholly satisfactory play. Like Pirandello whom he followed in time and technique, his plays are usually constructed as mystery melodramas. What is pursued is not a culprit, but the truth which hides like a criminal. The search is carried on in a spirit of zealous anguish and one must be impressed by the "heart" which goes into it. But while Pirandello sometimes managed to find a striking situation or a theatrically fascinating metaphor to dramatize his enigmas, Betti usually employs so much effort in setting up his premises that his final revelation seems unequal to the passion expended to arrive at it.

In Corruption in the Palace of Justice (Cherry Lane) we learn that some judge of a high court is suspected of taking bribes from a notorious racketeer. All six judges of the court are shown to be corrupt, but which one is guilty in this particular instance?

The judges are panic-stricken, in this semi-symbolic drama of conscience, because they all feel culpable of something. Most of them are cowardly crows corroded by malice. The initial point about the universality of guilt is soon made and the suspense is well sustained, but the play's resolution — too simple and not at all inevitable from the preceding matter — makes most of it appear trivial.

What Betti says in effect is that almost no one is wholly innocent and most of us are smeared with iniquity; therefore, if the sinful are often raised to positions of honor, it is finally no great matter: that is the way of the world. "God forgives and forgets." Most of us commit wrongs greater than those for which we may be punished. To achieve purity or absolution the individul can do little more than confess his guilt to the ultimate arbiter, the "Lord High Chancellor" or Supreme Being.

Here, then, we have an unquestionably earnest play, written with dignity by a deeply serious and certainly more than ordinarily intelligent man, which must finally be accounted superficial as art, no matter what our opinion of it is as thought.

The direction of this production, by Richard Altman, aims at an intensity that will save the play from seeming too "talky"; but the result is to make its contrivance all the more evident. The production is nevertheless respectable. There are no *bad* performances, and one at least (by C. K. Alexander) adds an individual tang to the general picture.

Peter Shaffer's two one-acters, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye* (Morosco), require no extended review from me now since I commented on their London opening last year. Though I credited the evening's conspicuous merits, I was perhaps mistaken in stressing that it ought not be taken as more than bright, literate, well-bred entertainment.

Mr. Shaffer is a playwright in progress. He is on his way from Terence Rattigan (with somewhat more nerve and sensibility, involving a bit of the latter-day British indignation) to an identity of his own. *Five Finger Exercise*, Shaffer's first hit, was evidence of his ability; if there was anything about it to cause worry, it was its being so thoroughly adept, neat and "finished." I surmise that Shaffer is ambitious, and wishes to go beyond the fashioning of trim Pinero-like packages of what every aware Englishman now knows. If he falters in the future, it will, I trust, be on the road to greater goals.

The Private Ear and *The Public Eye*, in the interim, are engaging comedies of good sense in which Shaffer cuts agreeably shaped patterns from the store of his talent.

Seeing these two short plays again, I was almost exasperated at being so pleased. The playwright's sure touch in handling their slight materials (always suggestive of larger issues) made their surface seem deep enough. But that is the reward of craftsmanship.

Peter Wood's direction is a genuine contribution to the evening's pleasure. Its skill is immensely helpful to the actors — particularly to Barry Foster and Geraldine McEwan. Without anything being "delved" into, everything clicks. Though the target is small, one is gratified by the marksmanship.

I take note of Henry Denker's *A Case of Libel* chiefly because of its success. There is always something significant about a success. This one — I quote from the playbill — is based on Louis Nizer's bestseller, *My Life in Court* (Longacre).

I do not care for the manner of its performance. Nearly every actor enters the stage "fraught with emotion" — which is expressed largely by muscular tension — and shouting in a strained voice from a tight throat. This is intended to induce audience excitement. Several parts are patently miscast. The only marked chracterizations in the production (achieved through natural endowment or direction) are those of two of the less important figures: a Scottish officer played by Philip Bourneuf and a publisher, played by Richard McMurray, strong in his capacity for drink and weak in moral fiber.

The major players — Van Heflin,

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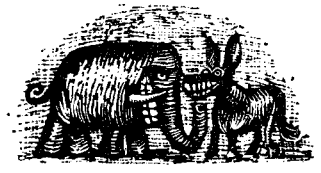
Every magazine has a Typical Reader. Playboy's *is the young man-about-town;* McCall's *is the family;* The New Yorker's *is not the old lady from Dubuque;* Seventeen's *is the teenage girl; and* MONOCLE'S, *we discovered, is Jack Kennedy.*

We didn't plan to write about Kennedy. We didn't mean to write about Kennedy. We didn't want to write about Kennedy. But there it was... So in our Preview Issue our lead story, called "A Perfect Day for Honeyfitz," by C. D. B. Bryan, began...

In the first place you've probably read a thousand goddam stories about them already. I mean every time you pick up a magazine there's some phony article about them written by a seamstress, or an ex-roommate, or a sailor on a PT boat, for Chrissake. And I'm sick and tired of all those phonies who say they could tell by the way he brushed his *teeth* at *Choate,* for Chrissake, that he would become President of the United States. In the first place he hardly ever brushed his teeth—I don't mean he *never* brushed them, or anything. I mean he didn't brush them any three goddam times a day, that's all...



Even our Japanese correspondent sent us an item about a forthcoming best-seller called Destiny's Deckhand, *which turned out to be an autobiography of the seaman who was on the destroyer that rammed Kennedy's PT-109.*

The White House still refused to cancel its subscription, *so in the fall of 1962 we started publishing a weekly newsletter—*

THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER

whose real purpose was to avoid talking about the Kennedys. We expressed our lofty aim in an opening editorial: Just about anybody can get the 'inside' story by reading such sheets as Time and I. F. Stone's Weekly. But it takes persistence, courage, and intelligent ignorance to get the outside story —the story of what is *not* going on. It is our purpose to tell that story.

Despite our honest intention to avoid the dynasty issue in Teddy Kennedy's senatorial campaign, we found THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *reporting on The Edward M. Kennedy Foundation, whose purpose was to give other unqualified young men the chance that Teddy had. We pointed out that "thousands of people in our society are wasting away in obscure monotonous jobs because a lack of qualifications and experience prevents them from starting at the top. This is a tremendous waste of manpower. With a trust fund and the right connections these people could be holding down responsible positions in government, industry and the arts."*

Our News Managing Editor, Marvin Kitman, has tried to get us off the Kennedys. Our newsletter includes Letters to Other Editors (we tell them what's wrong with their publications), Junket-tours, Inc., a travel agency for Congressmen, poems of protest, a feature called "I'm Not Prejudiced But..." (e.g. "Negro mathematicians have a natural sense of logarithm"), a comic strip with Herman Kahn as Superman, the adventures of James Bland of Her Majesty's Most Secret Service, constitutional questions ("Is a person born in Mississippi of American parents eligible to be President of the United States?"), and television shows for the UN: "77 Gaza Strip" and "Dr. Ben Bella"...but then somebody mistook our Executive Editor, Richard R. Lingeman, for Charles Bartlett and leaked us Robert Kennedy's diary:

Tues. Today was Jack's inauguration ...The ceremonies went along smoothly until an old man named Frost tried to read a poem and was unable to do the complete job. Jack tells me he is some kind of famous poet. That may be true but he certainly put on a shoddy performance today. I don't care how famous a man is in his line of work, if he can't deliver the goods when it counts, he should let someone else take his place on the firing line. Some of the poetry Ethel writes is better than the one he read.

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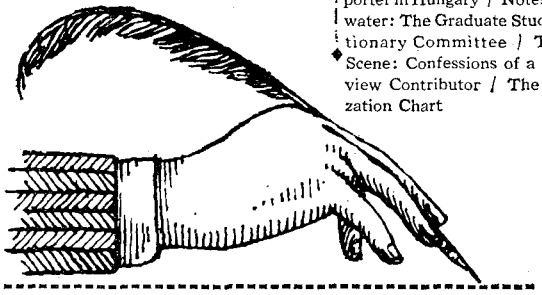

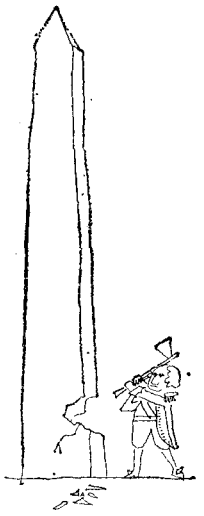

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Sidney Blackmer, Larry Gates — are professionally forthright, but their parts, as written, are not sufficiently arresting; they would have to be given further theatrical enhancement. The English add to their courtroom thrillers some acuity of journalistic observation or humorous particularization to make them resemble "life" as we are expected to view it in this kind of theatre.

But *A Case of Libel* is not just a courtroom thriller. It is a documentary: the actual case of a prominent columnist who was sued for libel by a rugged Irish-American war correspondent. This *is* interesting, but it would have been a lot more interesting, and even bravely controversial, if it had been produced during the McCarthy era or shortly after the trial. Being neither art nor stirringly topical, it is now platitude.

Still I am wrong. Since the play is against prejudice, against political and personal slander, against interference with a man's chance to earn a living, we must applaud. Liberalism is cleared, idealism vindicated, justice upheld. And though you and I may believe that all this is too little, too late and too safe, there is a vast theatre public for whom these small rations are not only enough, but constitute a generous and healthful helping.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

The questions raised by Herbert van Karajan's recording of all nine Beethoven symphonies with the Berlin Philharmonic are not all related to these particular works, or, for that matter, to purely musical considerations. Thus, one would have supposed that the production of such a prodigious album must have been a major undertaking for the recording company, the orchestra and the conductor; but in that case how was it possible that the careless playing, conducting, recording and splicing to be heard on these records survived the scrutiny of the editing room?

Van Karajan's interpretive command of the symphonies consists mainly of the traditional approach characteristic of all his performances. When applied with rigorous discipline and orchestral intelligence (as on his London recording of the Brahms Third Symphony), it can produce results worthy of the tradition. Here, however, he has devised a "personal" approach that consists mainly of the superimposition of various idiosyncratic mannerisims on the basic regularity, and results in some strange incongruities. The oddest manifestations of this are the sudden accelerandos and decelerandos that tend to segment movements into several distinct tempos instead of inflecting a single basic pulse. Similarly, changes in sonority from section to section are often so drastic (viz., the slow movement of the Ninth) that the essential sense of interrelation among all the individual sonorities is lost. Karajan also imposes large-scale "formal ideas" of his own that are much less interesting than those composed by Beethoven. An example, in the first movement of the *Eroica*, is the drastic exaggeration of legato and staccato articulations into a unique but not very arresting structural principle.

At the same time, Karajan seems to have paid little attention to routine matters of instrumental balance, or to the special sound projected by each work. Thus the relations between loud and soft seem entirely accidental, or at least capricious; the tympani almost invariably obscure the harmony instead of supporting it; and the inner voices frequently obtrude, as though the conductor had decided to weight each voice equally rather than attempt to find its precise hierarchical position at each instant.

The few genuinely sensitive details in the performance seem almost paradoxical amid the general sloppiness. I was particularly struck by the clear projection of the oboe's tone color throughout the return of the opening theme of the first movement of the Fifth, which made the solo cadenza a direct outgrowth of the oboe line rather than an afterthought. And in the last movement of the Ninth, the balance and interchange between the vocal soloists, chorus and instruments are better integrated within the whole evolution of the work than in any other recording I have heard. Finally, in all of the last three symphonies Karajan tends, for the most part, to forgo the peculiarities of his readings of the Third, Fifth and Sixth, and they emerge merely as rather featureless glosses that make about as many formal distinctions as one might expect from a good sight-reading at the piano.

The really distressing aspect of the album, however, is the evident deterioration of the Berlin Philharmonic, which seems to have lost the qualities of intonation, especially in the string section, that had reached great heights of refinement in the Furtwängler days. The second violins, in particular, are evidently incapable of producing a true unison, and one begins to await octave passages between winds and strings with positive dread. Attacks that are supposed to be simultaneous ripple through the orchestra like falling dominoes and leave stragglers stranded at the ends of chords (at the opening of the *Eroica*, among many other embarrassing places). In the slow movements, too, rhythmic inaccuracies are so exaggerated that several new chords occur accidentally. In rhythmically or contrapuntally complex passages (such as the fugal sections in the *Eroica* and the Finale of the Ninth) the ensemble falls completely apart. This breakdown in discipline is evident in timbral qualities also; the first oboe, for example, is permitted a broad tremolo that may be acceptable in solo passages but causes havoc in ensembles. The strings constantly cover the woodwinds, when they are not tripping over one another, the brasses are always too loud, and the loud tuttis are indescribably raucous.

One hardly knows where to begin to apportion the blame for all this, since the recording characteristics are equally erratic, with sudden electronic crescendos and a generally dismal, thin, faraway sound that turns bass notes into thumps and inner voices into buzzes. It seems proper to ask how this album was ever approved for release by anyone involved, and how it has managed to draw praise from some quite reputable reviewers.

BEETHOVEN: The Nine Symphonies. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert van Karajan, Cond. Deutsche Grammaphon Gesellschaft SKL 101/8. 8 records.

Poem

That I might go on the hunt again
in the forest
with Artemis-Hecate,
or on
my own,
knowing that I am guided
by a god-companion,
that I need have
no fear,
that the bird of the long
neck and wide-open
glance is with me
and looking
toward me

Hilda Morley

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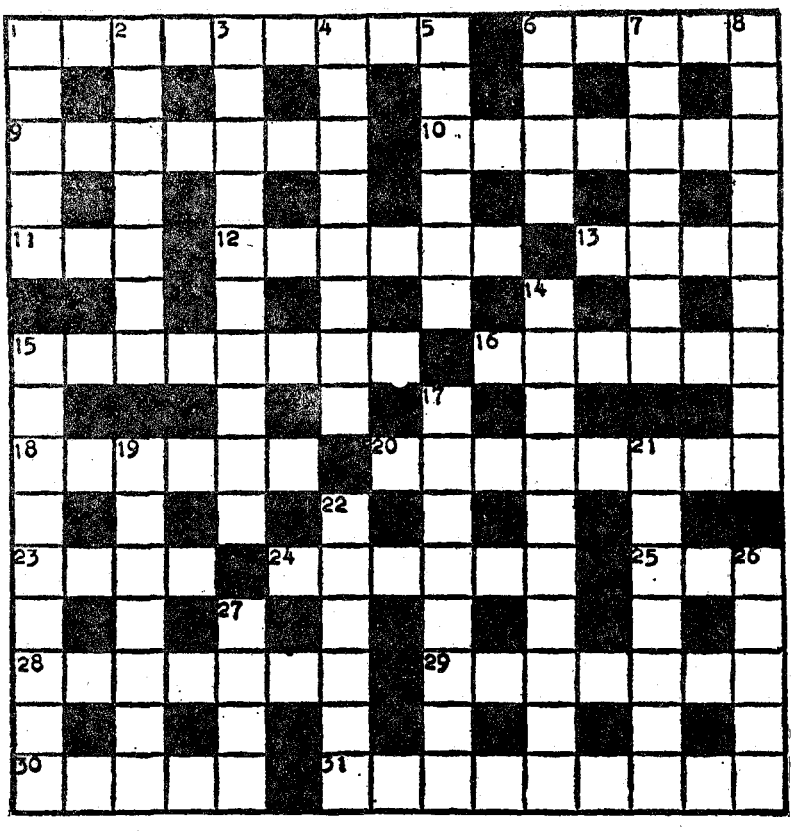
Crossword Puzzle No. 1031

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Stop-gap? (We reputedly have such force.) (9)
6 He might teach things other than the trumpet, despite his sound approach. (5)
9 One of the things we are taught in school might be a literary sort of 27. (7)
10 Substituted for 9 in Wonderland.
11 and 23 Good conduct badge for Cubs in a foreign country? (7)
12 A tie might make it necessary to elope. (3-3)
13 See 1 down
15 Comes up with a description of stars on board. (8)
16 Does he tighten his lips when you pay him? (6)
18 Putting out a change of routes?
20 It's nonsense to suggest that this might take a trick! (8)
23 See 11 across
24 and 25 Silver given one? A high flame does as well. (5, 4)
28 A single thing with ours wrong might be troublesome. (7)
29 Send around a pour-boire — I've earned it! (7)
30 and 6 down The prices one pays to produce what the princely families of Europe have in common! (9)
31 They should be familiar with a country's mountains, but not specifically its plains. (9)

DOWN:

1 and 13 One takes the chance to be challenged wrong. (9)
2 One should try to make his charges fit. (7)
3 Casey (the 4 down) did, but nowadays it's not given a fair trial. (10)
4 Rig. (8)
5 Economical management of the plant. (6)
6 See 30 across
7 Gets away with this about pre-holiday time. (7)
8 Where the rug really gets cut on schedule. (9)
14 Is it to go out and sink enemy shipping, or just surrender? (10)
15 Motor rods should help to keep things warmed up. (5, 4)
17 The expert's on his feet, but goes to pieces finally. (6, 2)
19 Performed in the theater of operations. (7)
21 Communicate, to be specific. (7)
22 A song of David may not be good, but it gets in the blood. (6)
26 Some bores keep them moving back and forth. (5)
27 One has to be tough to be this tender. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1030

ACROSS: 1 Falangists; 6 Epic; 10 Implied; 11 Unicorn; 12 Bail; 13 Blasphemer; 15 Ragtime; 16 Dragnet; 17 Itching; 20 Prevail; 22 Importunes; 23 Flat; 25 Believe; 26 Allegro; 27 Tots; 28 Penthouses. DOWN: 1 Flibbertigibbet; 2 Lapwing; 3 Nail; 4 Indulge; 5 Trussed; 7 Plowman; 8 Congratulations; 9 Dishwater; 14 Mimicries; 18 Capulet; 19 Gruyere; 20 Precast; 21 Alleges; 24 Alto.

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IF THE BIGOTS AND RACISTS IN THE SOUTH DON'T STOP THEIR VIOLENCE...

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

"The majority of white people in the U.S. have literally no idea of the violence with which Negroes in the South are treated daily—nay, hourly. This violence is deliberate, conscious, condoned by the authorities. It has gone on for centuries and is going on today, every day, unceasing and unremitting. It is our way of life. Negro existence in the South has been one long travail, steeped in terror and blood—our blood. The incidents which took place in Monroe, which I witnessed and which I suffered, will give some idea of the conditions in the South, such conditions that can no longer be borne. That is why, one hundred years after the Civil War began, we Negroes in Monroe armed ourselves in self-defense and used our weapons. We showed that our policy worked. The lawful authorities of Monroe and North Carolina acted to enforce order only after, and as a direct result of, our being armed. Previously they had connived with the Ku Klux Klan in the racist violence against our people. Self-defense prevented bloodshed and forced the law to establish order. This is the meaning of Monroe and I believe it marks a historic change in the life of my people. This is the story of that change." FROM THE CONTROVERSIAL BOOK ABOUT SELF-DEFENSE . . . A BOOK WHICH IS REACHING THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION. WITH A PROLOGUE INCLUDING THE REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. AND HISTORIAN TRUMAN NELSON PROBING THE ISSUES AND CHALLENGE LAID DOWN BY THE AUTHOR.

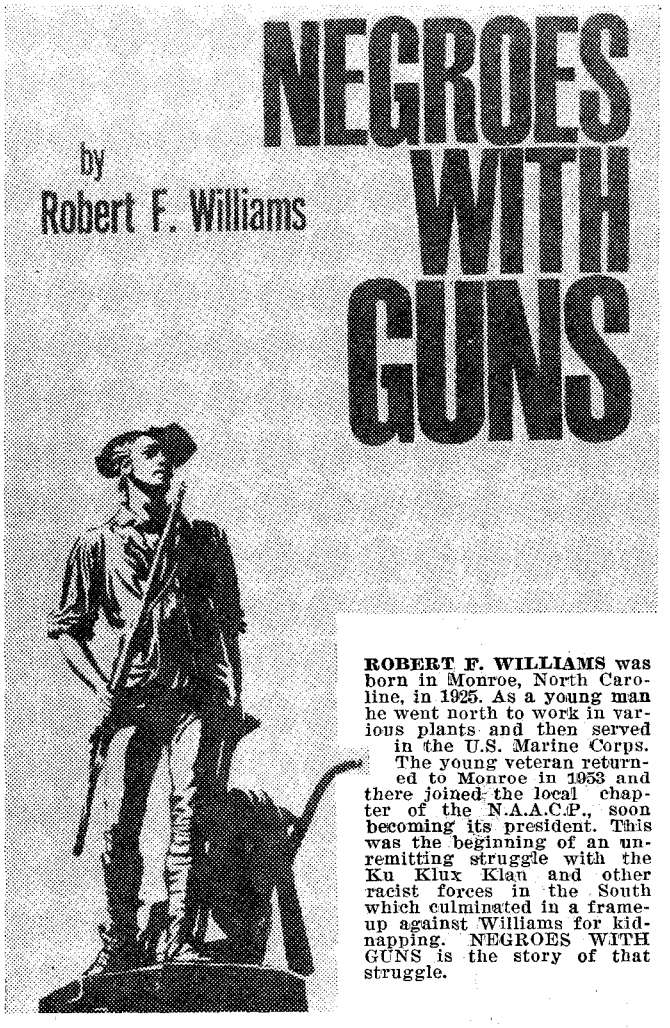
WILLIAM WORTHY: The issues raised in this critical book by Robert Williams, Martin Luther King and Truman Nelson deserve the fullest, the calmest, the most honest discussion. The decision of a frightened white America to grapple with, or to shrink from, the grave implications of the Monroe story will largely shape this country's destiny at home and her fate abroad.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Mr. Truman Nelson, historian and novelist of the abolitionist movement, shows clearly that Henry David Thoreau would have approved Mr. William's position.

JOHN O. KILLENS: Whether we agree with Mr. Williams or not, he is dealing with a question which every thoughtful Negro in America is pondering. There are many roads to freedom.

OSSIE DAVIS: The Reverend King, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Williams have done a great service in setting this problem before the American public.

MUHAMMAD SPEAKS: NEGROES WITH GUNS symbolizes the dawning of a new militancy by Negroes in their relentless struggle to be free. . . . It may very well prove to be the most significant and prophetic book since the SOULS OF BLACK FOLK, by W. E. B. DuBois, was published in 1909. (from review by Sylvester Leaks)



ROBERT F. WILLIAMS was born in Monroe, North Caroline, in 1925. As a young man he went north to work in various plants and then served in the U.S. Marine Corps. The young veteran returned to Monroe in 1953 and there joined the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P., soon becoming its president. This was the beginning of an unremitting struggle with the Ku Klux Klan and other racist forces in the South which culminated in a frame-up against Williams for kidnapping. NEGROES WITH GUNS is the story of that struggle.

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